# TOVARICH

By JACQUES DEVAL

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

## SQUARING THE CIRCLE

Comedy. 3 acts. By Valentine Kaytayev. Trans. by Eugene Lyons and Charles Malamuth. 7 males, 5 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

A comedy situation reminiscent of French farce provides the groundwork for the action. The authentic Soviet touch is given by the circumstances that the two couples—mismated, of course, and adjusted by means of an exchange in the last act—are obliged to live in a single room, because of the acute shortage of housing. Each of the girls turns her half of the room into a symbol of her own mind. On one side is the hard, Spartan bareness of an earnest Communist; on the other, the pictures and cushions and comforts of the bourgeoise. But the husbands do not feel at ease in their halves, each hankering for the woman and the atmosphere on the other side of the curtain. This basic story, with incidents that make it one continuous laugh, is not without its serious implications. The young people discuss, and apply in action, the new Soviet notions about relations between the sexes. This farce is a vehicle for two boys and two girls, vivacious and real, snared by love and political theories.

(Royalty, $25.00.) Price, 75 cents.

## LABURNUM GROVE

Comedy. 3 acts. By J. B. Priestley. 6 males, 3 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

This ingenious play, which enjoyed considerable success in England and New York, is the latest word in subtle and amusing mystery. George Radfern lives his quiet and uneventful life in a small house near London; he is burdened with relatives on his hands who are sponging on him and always trying to borrow money. In addition to these is his prospective son-in-law, who is equally importunate. George throws dynamite into their midst by the quiet announcement that he is one of the high-ups in a large counterfeit ring. Needless to say, the spongers find all sorts of excuses for going elsewhere. In the meantime George's immediate family react according to their respective characters, until toward the end it looks as though George has been spoofing them all the time. However, the conclusion holds one of the most striking surprise endings that has ever been used in a mystery play.

(Royalty, $25.00.) Price, $2.00.

# TOVARICH

BY

JACQUES DEVAL

*adapted by*

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

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# FOREWORD

By Robert E. Sherwood

Those who have traveled over the scarred face of Europe in recent years have noticed that a certain lack of harmony prevails. All biological laws which seek to establish an essential similarity between one human being and another have evidently been repealed. Crossing a few frontiers in the course of a day's journey on a Wagon Lit you feel that you have passed through such various realms as Lilliput, Brobdingnag, Glubbdubdrib and Oz. Nor is there any apparent standard, any mean, by which you may gauge the distinctions between one race-conscious group and its neighbors; the importance and the dignity of the life of each individual is dictated as arbitrarily and maintained as artificially as is the value of the local monetary unit.

But, while observing chaotic differences between the European state, you will also notice that the nations have retained resemblance to each other in two respects: in all of them the munitions plants have been doing capacity business and so has a comedy called *Tovarich.*

This play was written by Jacques Deval, a distinguished French dramatist and novelist, and presented for the first time in Paris in October, 1933. I gather from sources of assailable authority that M. Deval didn't think any too much of *Tovarich* when it was first written. Indeed, he tossed it into rehearsal before he had fully decided what was to

happen in the last act. He saw it as a farce about Russian emigrés which might be relished by knowing Parisians but by no one else. He was far more concerned with his tragedy, *Prière pour les Vivants,* which was produced at about the same time, and which was the object of his most loving care. (*Prière pour les Vivants* failed to attract much attention anywhere except in Soviet Russia, the one country into which, so far as I know, *Tovarich* has not yet penetrated.)

*Tovarich* ran for some eight hundred performances in Paris and has since been produced and reproduced in virtually every city and town in Europe. It was especially successful in Berlin. According to John Gunther's *Inside Europe,* Adolf Hitler was urged by friends to see this admirable, inspiring entertainment, but before he would consent to buy a seat he commissioned the German Embassy in Paris to investigate M. Deval's background for traces of Semitism. When assured that the author's ancestry was kosher Aryan—or, at any rate, pure French—the Fuehrer saw the play and then saw it again, three times. It tickled him.

In April, 1935, *Tovarich* crossed the channel to London, where it ran for a year, during which time it was applauded by members of the royal family, and friends, by Prince and Princess Yussupoff, and the Ambassador of the U.S.S.R. Now it is in New York, and Hitler's approval of it has been cordially echoed by the reviewer for *The New Masses.*

Why this simple play should have been so conspicuous an international success, I do not know. Certainly it possesses what the boys are pleased to call a "well-worn theme"—the theme of two great American comedies, *Clarence* and *Is Zat So?,* of *Come Out of the Kitchen,* of *Lord Richard in the Pantry,* and of countless others, including certain of Shakespeare's works. It departs from the ac-

cepted formula only in the final scene which was written on Jacques Deval's cuff; here we see the phenomenon of noble servants who are supremely happy because they have been granted the privilege of *staying* in the kitchen. However, the well-worn-theme theory isn't good enough to account for the enthusiasm which *Tovarich* has evoked from all races and classes, from Warsaw to Warner Brothers.

*Tovarich* undoubtedly has something which should engage the attention of serious drama students the world over. In answer to the question, which no one has asked me, "What is this certain something?"—I must again reply, "I don't know." I can only say that when I first read the play it got me, and I was induced to make my one and only adaptation. I was glad of the chance to render into English that last cuff-scene, wherein two people, whom you can't help liking, get together with their worst enemy and make peace with him and give him all they possess and call him "Comrade" and then go out to get good and drunk.

It may well be that the universal popularity of *Tovarich* is entirely due to the fact that it tells the meaning of the unpronounceable word which is its title—"Comrade." Perhaps, inadvertently, M. Deval has proved that those biological laws have not been repealed, after all. Perhaps Hitler has a subconscious craving to be pals with *The New Masses*, and vice versa. Perhaps we're *all* crazy.

January 13th, 1937.

# TOVARICH

## STORY OF THE PLAY

"Tovarich" is not only universal in its appeal, in its good-humored admiration for the human virtues latent even in princes, its strumming of the basic heart-strings, its expert mix of comic and pathetic touches. It is also outrightly sure-fire.

It begins in fun. In a Parisian garret, specifically, where a former general of Cossack cavalry and his wife, a Grand Duchess, are making a gay go of rags and starvation. Their poverty is purely voluntary. In the Banque de France they stowed away the neat sum of 4,000,000,000 francs, entrusted to them, by the late Czar, and to be used only for Russia's good. They'll never touch it, these quixotic two. Of course, this is a play.

Instead, they take jobs with a bourgeois banker's family, their identities a secret until a Soviet Commissar turns up among the guests and recognizes them. Not any old Soviet Commissar, either, but the particular one—this is a play, remember—who had been responsible for most of the torture and indignity they'd suffered before their flight from home.

The Soviet has been making every known effort to take that huge fortune from them. Thievery, bullying, none of the known ways works. It is left to this hated Commissar to win the billions away with words. Stirring words, dramatically potent and con-

vincing words. They may save the Russian oil-fields for Russia. They may be patriots supreme, comrades in love of their own country. They give in. They give up the gold. And you in turn relinquish several luxurious tear-drops. It's that moving a scene, that gallantly and appealingly put over.

# TOVARICH

Produced by Gilbert Miller at the Plymouth Theatre, New York City, October 15, 1936, with the following cast:

(In Order of Their Appearance)

PRINCE MIKAIL ALEXANDROVITCH OURATIEFF —*John Halliday*
GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA PETROVNA..*Marta Abba*
OLGA ..... *Irina Feodorova*
COUNT FEODOR BREKENSKI .... *Frederic Worlock*
CHAUFFOURIER-DUBIEFF ..... *Ernest Lawford*
MARTELLEAU ..... *Aristides de Leon*
FERNANDE DUPONT ..... *Margaret Dale*
CHARLES DUPONT ..... *Jay Fassett*
LOUISE ..... *Barbara Gott*
GEORGES DUPONT ..... *James E. Truex*
HELENE DUPONT ..... *Amanda Duff*
CONCIERGE ..... *Graham Thorpe*
MADAME VAN HEMERT ..... *Leni Stengel*
MADAME CHAUFFOURIER-DUBIEFF..*Adora Andrews*
COMMISSAR GOROTCHENKO ..... *Cecil Humphreys*

Play directed by Gilbert Miller
Settings designed by Raymond Sovey
Stage Director, Lewis Allen
Stage Manager, Elbert Gruver

## SCENES

## ACT I

SCENE I. *A room in the Hotel du Quercy.*
SCENE II. *Fernande Dupont's boudoir. An hour later.*

## ACT II

SCENE I. *The Duponts' drawing room. Two months later.*

SCENE II. *The Duponts' kitchen.*

TIME: *Paris, several years after the Russian Revolution.*

# TOVARICH

## ACT ONE

### SCENE I

*A room in the Hotel du Quercy, rue de la Glacière, in Paris.*

*A November morning, about 11.00. Fresh and bright outside.*

*A single door and an archway upstage. A large window, with the roofs of Paris showing.*

*Against the wall is a messy bed. A washstand, a chest of drawers, a round table with an armchair and a single chair by the chest of drawers. Near the bed a small table.*

*On the wall over the bed are hung a sword and the flag of the Russian Imperial Guard. On the back wall is an ikon, its flame glowing.*

MIKAIL *is discovered lying on the bed, polishing a boot. He is about forty-five—lean, lithe and, for no good reason, quite content with his lot. After a few seconds he wearily drops the boot and puts the brush on the small table. Then starts to read a paper which is on the bed.*

TATIANA *is off stage, singing.*

MIKAIL. Tatiana?

TATIANA. *(Off stage)* Yes!

MIKAIL. What are you doing?

TATIANA. *(Off stage)* Washing. And what is my darling doing?

MIKAIL. Your darling has been polishing his boots. He is now resting. *(Leans back on pillows)* He is drawing the covers over his wasted limbs and trying to forget that there is no coal in the stove. (TATIANA *enters, with a shirt rolled into a ball. She comes to edge of the bed and shakes it out)* And what, in the blessed name of St. Christopher, is that? (TATIANA, *somewhat younger than her husband, is lovely, graceful, gracious, regal, shabby.)*

TATIANA. Your shirt, darling.

MIKAIL. My—

TATIANA. I washed it with my own hands.

MIKAIL. *(Horrified)* That is my shirt? That—that *fragment!*

TATIANA. Yes, darling, your shirt. *(She holds it up, proving that it bears some resemblance to a man's shirt. But it has been so trimmed that the back is far longer than the front)* Your only shirt. *(She has come close to the bed.)*

MIKAIL. But—just what has happened to what used to be the tail?

TATIANA. You had no more handkerchiefs. So I had to cut some out of—

MIKAIL. Out of my shirt!

TATIANA. You know very well I've used up the last of my chemises.

MIKAIL. *(Melting)* Oh, my darling—my sweet, my beautiful! *(He seizes her hand and attempts to draw her down on to the bed.)*

TATIANA. *(Resisting)* No, you fool! I have to work— *(Goes to chest; hangs up shirt.)*

MIKAIL. Tatiana! How can I beg for your forgiveness? You sacrificed the last of your chemises —and I complain at the loss of a mere shirt-tail.

*(With deep fervor)* You are a saint, Tatiana, a saint!

TATIANA. *(Walks to bed)* You're sure of that? *(Sits on end of bed.)*

MIKAIL. It's the very word that was used by my Imperial Master. *(He crosses himself)* Your august cousin. *(She crosses herself)* He said: "In marrying Tatiana Petrovna, you marry a saint!"

TATIANA. *(Nodding)* He knew me very well.

MIKAIL. He was speaking of your devotion—but not of your manners.

TATIANA. *(Indignantly)* And is there anything wrong with my manners?

MIKAIL. *(Indulgently)* Oh—you can't be blamed for them.

TATIANA. Blamed!

MIKAIL. You were born a Grand Duchess, and you lacked the opportunity for social contacts that was given to the rest of us. It gave you a bad start in life.

TATIANA. What do you mean?

MIKAIL. Wherever you go, I have to act as interpreter—and apologist—for you.

TATIANA. Get up! *(Pulls newspaper from his hands.)*

MIKAIL. *(Humbly)* But why?

TATIANA. Obey me! *(Rises from bed; leans against wash-stand.)*

MIKAIL. But—my darling—this bed is so warm and so comfortable.

TATIANA. *(Solemnly)* Mikail Alexandrovitch Ouratieff, at whatever sacrifice of your comfort, I command you to get up. *(She is being very stern, very imperious. There should be no suggestion of bantering in her tone.)*

MIKAIL. *(Sighing)* All right. *(He swings his bare feet out of bed, and as he rises, steps on his boot. He leans over and starts to put the boot on.)*

TATIANA. Put that shoe down! And come over here. *(He obeys ruefully)* Since you are such a good apologist, you will offer your apologies—to *me!* (MIKAIL *advances towards her slowly and when he is close to her attempts to click his bare heels together and bows low.)*

MIKAIL. My beloved Tatiana—

TATIANA. *(Goes to end of bed; sits)* Your apologies will be expressed in official form.

MIKAIL. General Prince Mikail Alexandrovitch Ouratieff, aide-de-camp to His Imperial Majesty, offers Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna his very humble apologies.

TATIANA. Approach! (MIKAIL *obeys, coming very close to her. She gives him a vigorous slap on the face.)*

MIKAIL. Ouch!

TATIANA. *(Angrily)* How dare you say "ouch"? You're an officer. You are not permitted to feel pain.

MIKAIL. Very well, Highness. The ouch is withdrawn. (TATIANA *rises suddenly, seizes him in her arms and drags him down on the bed.)*

TATIANA. Darling, darling, darling. You are forgiven. *(She kisses him fiercely.)*

MIKAIL. Completely?

TATIANA. Completely!

MIKAIL. And you'll let me be just a little bit sad if I want to?

TATIANA. And I'll be sad with you always, dear. *(Puts her arms around him.)*

MIKAIL. Ah, God! How good it is to be Russian.

TATIANA. And insane!

MIKAIL. Life for us is so very, very sad and so very, very beautiful.

TATIANA. And so tiresome. I'm starving. *(She sits up.)*

MIKAIL. So am I, Tatiachka. There's a horrible, gnawing emptiness in my soul.

TATIANA. I was not speaking of souls. I'm hungry here. (*She slaps her stomach.*) Give me some money.

MIKAIL. (*Astounded.*) Money?

TATIANA. Yes—I'm going shopping.

MIKAIL. But surely—out with money?

TATIANA. Mikail! Don't tell me there's none left.

MIKAIL. (*Sighing.*) There is the sum of one hundred francs, Tatiana. That is all.

TATIANA. (*Brightly.*) But that is enough.

MIKAIL. And out of the hundred, we owe eighty to the proprietor of this lamentable hotel.

TATIANA. That little nuisance? Haven't we trained him in the virtue of patience?

MIKAIL. No, we have been fortunate in that he has the gout, my Tatiana, and therefore he cannot climb the six flights of stairs, but he must be paid. Eighty francs. Today. Otherwise—out we go!

TATIANA. Very well—he shall be paid! I shall give him his eighty francs today, and tomorrow he shall lend us two hundred. (*She has started preparing to go out. She can be brisk, very competent, when she chooses.*)

MIKAIL. But will he?

TATIANA. I'll appeal to his snobbery. For two hundred francs I'll make him Count of Poltava!

MIKAIL. (*Scornfully.*) A Count. Do you think that would impress him? Why, last week for only fifty francs you made him a Duke—

TATIANA. Did I?

MIKAIL. Duke of Courlande.

TATIANA. Very well, then—I can do better than that: tomorrow he will become a Grand Duke—entitled to precede himself in to dinner.

MIKAIL. (*Overwhelmed with admiration.*) Tatiana, what resource!

TATIANA. Resourcefulness has been thrust upon us, my pigeon! *(She pauses momentarily in her dressing to assume an attitude)* We are two against the world!

MIKAIL. No! Not two—only one—*you!*

TATIANA. Ah, Mikail! How far do you suppose I could go in life without you?

MIKAIL. *(Sits on bed)* Come, Tatiana. Get back into this bed.

TATIANA. No! Give me the hundred francs. *(Regretfully he reaches under the pillow and takes out a hundred-franc note.)*

MIKAIL. You will surely pay eighty of these to the Duke of Courlande?

TATIANA. Yes! He'll be paid—his eighty francs.

MIKAIL. That will leave twenty francs. Bring back at least ten of it.

TATIANA. *(Taking the note)* I shall pay the landlord eighty francs and buy the food, and bring back eighty francs.

MIKAIL. *(Anxiously)* Tatiana—I don't understand your arithmetic—

TATIANA. Darling!

MIKAIL. But I suspect the honesty of your intentions.

TATIANA. *(Turns to him)* Darling, do you trust me?

MIKAIL. Within reason, my love.

TATIANA. Then believe me. I swear, by Saint Peter and Saint Paul—I swear to bring back eighty-five francs. I shall bring back ninety francs! I shall buy some cutlets of horse and some potatoes, and I shall bring back ninety-five francs and two artichokes!

MIKAIL. Tatiana, you're very fond of artichokes, aren't you?

TATIANA. No, I hate them, but while the grocer

ACT I

*See page 11*

is selecting the poorest potatoes, I shall be left alone amongst the artichokes. *(Puts on hat.)*

MIKAIL. *(Looks heavenward reverently)* I humbly beg that the Father of all living may look the other way, that He will not see the Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna, cousin to the Tsar *(He makes the sign of the cross)* arrested for stealing artichokes.

TATIANA. Nonsense! I am never arrested!

MIKAIL. You have been incredibly lucky.

TATIANA. *(Picks up bag)* Oh, no, Mikail, it is more than luck. It is the intervention of God—the God of all the Russias. Why—the other day, the grocer almost saw me as I was letting a bunch of radishes fall into this bag, but his eyes were miraculously diverted to the ceiling.

MIKAIL. *(With decision)* Tatiana—give me that bag. I shall go myself.

TATIANA. No! By St. Christopher, no! A general of Cavalry to be seen in the streets of Paris with cutlets of horse! Never!

MIKAIL. But it is quite all right for a Grand Duchess.

TATIANA. *(Puts bag on table)* A Grand Duchess is above appearances!

MIKAIL. *(Sits on end of bed. With resignation)* Very well—go on and commit your pathetic thieveries. But what of tomorrow—and all the tomorrows that follow? The Russian God may grow weary of diverting grocers' eyes.

TATIANA. Then we will find something to sell. *(Puts on coat)* We have always found—

MIKAIL There's not much left. *(He looks about the room with a sigh)* Except my sword—

TATIANA. The sword of Alexander the Third! Never!

MIKAIL. And the flag—

TATIANA. The flag of the Imperial Guard! Better let us die together, wrapped in its folds!

MIKAIL. Then that leaves nothing but the ikon.

TATIANA. May Heaven forgive you! *(Goes to ikon and crosses herself)* I would sooner sell my body. *(She walks toward the door)* I'm going.

MIKAIL. Wait! *(He goes to the window and looks out)* The police officer is still there.

TATIANA. Which one is it today?

MIKAIL. The little dark one with the military medal. *(He makes a little friendly sign to the unseen policeman)* He has a nice, friendly face.

TATIANA. I'll bring him back a packet of cigarettes.

MIKAIL. Good ones, I hope.

TATIANA. Oh, the best. *(A knock is heard. They look at each other in some alarm)* Did you hear a knock?

MIKAIL. I am under the impression that I did. *(The knock is repeated)* If it is our landlord, the Duke of Courlande—

TATIANA. If it is, I shall deal with him. (MIKAIL *goes to the door and opens it.* OLGA, *a dark, pretty, but savage-looking little midinette, comes in. She affects timorousness.)*

OLGA. Madame Courtois?

TATIANA. Who?

OLGA. I have a hat here for Madame Courtois.

MIKAIL. We don't doubt it, my dear child. But she is not here.

OLGA. This is not where she lives?

MIKAIL. That is the unhappy fact.

OLGA. But the concierge told me— *(She is looking about the room, in seeming bewilderment, when she happens to see the ikon. Excitedly)* You are Russians!

MIKAIL. We cannot disguise it.

OLGA. *(Staring at* TATIANA*)* But I should have known at once. Your Highness! *(She puts the hat-*

*box on a chair, goes to* TATIANA, *kneels before her and kisses the hem of her skirt.)*

MIKAIL. *(Appreciatively)* Charming!

TATIANA. Stand up, my child.

OLGA. Have I Your Highness's pardon for my stupidity?

TATIANA. Of course you have. Come now—stand up.

OLGA. *(Rises and kisses* TATIANA'S *shoulder)* It was all the concierge's fault. He told me distinctly that I would find Madame Courtois in Room Four and I—

TATIANA. The concierge is an idiot. Go, my child. *(She picks up the hat-box)* Ask him again in very short, simple words and perhaps he'll— *(Something about the weight of the hat-box causes her to break off short.* OLGA *is trying to take the hat-box, but* TATIANA *is holding it back.)*

OLGA. Thank you, Highness! Thank you! And grant me again your august pardon.

TATIANA. Wait. I think I'd like to (OLGA *goes for hat-box)* see that hat.

OLGA. No, Your Highness. It's not—

TATIANA. I might decide to buy it. *(She is starting to open the hat-box.)*

OLGA. *(Frantically)* I promise Your Highness, it is hideous—it will be an insult on your head— *(*TATIANA *opens the box.* MIKAIL *rushes across to table, examines contents of box and takes out some leaflets.)*

MIKAIL. Well, at least it contains no high explosives.

TATIANA. What is it, Mikail?

MIKAIL. Some very interesting documents. *(Reading in mock oratory)* "Workers of France, Arise! Join your Russian brothers in the United Front." Evidently Madame Courtois is more interested in

literature than she is in millinery. *(To* OLGA*)* Well, Tovarich, what do you want from us?

OLGA. *(Viciously)* What are you going to do with that *money?*

MIKAIL. One hundred francs? We're going to buy artichokes.

OLGA. The money you stole from Russia!

TATIANA. Stole?

OLGA. Thieves! It came from the blood and the sweat of the millions, and now you hold it for yourselves—

TATIANA. Mikail! Tell her to go.

MIKAIL. Not yet, my darling. *(To* OLGA*)* Who sent you here?

OLGA. Do you believe I'd tell you?

MIKAIL. No—but I don't mind asking. Was it Gorotchenko?

OLGA. *(Defiantly)* I don't know.

MIKAIL. What information do you expect to get out of us?

OLGA. I don't know.

MIKAIL. Are you a real Russian communist or one of these dubious French ones?

OLGA. *(Doggedly)* I don't know.

TATIANA. *(Laughs and picks up the hat-box)* Here, my dear. Take this charming hat to Madame Courtois. I'm sure she'll look lovely in it. And tell Gorotchenko we'd be grateful if some day he would honor us with his own presence. (OLGA *snatches the hat-box and goes to the door.)*

MIKAIL. And tell him that you found us still in good health, though slightly under-nourished. Tell him we're prepared, at any moment, to be caught in one of the traps which he is thoughtfully laying for us. And when he has caught us he can burn us, by slow degrees, in the scorching flames of Red Terror —(OLGA *laughs)* but our policy will remain un-

changed: not a billion, not a million, not a thousand, not a sou!

OLGA. Fine talk, you white-livered thieves. You think you're safe with your money. Because you're in Paris, in the bourgeois fortress, with gendarmes to guard you. (MIKAIL *sits on bed.* TATIANA *pays no attention)* But we know how to take back what was stolen from us. And when we do, we'll also take your miserable, worthless, evil lives. *(She turns, blows the ikon out, exits, slamming the door.)*

TATIANA. The little beast! Where are the matches?

MIKAIL. *(Jumps off bed)* Matches? Ah! *(He searches; finds them on cupboard)* Here they are. *(He hands them to* TATIANA. *She relights the ikon.)*

TATIANA. Of all the spies that have been inflicted on us, that one was the most ridiculous. It's an insult to us to suppose that such a vicious little fool could accomplish anything.

MIKAIL. *(Seriously)* You know, Tatiana—some day one of them will kill us.

TATIANA. *(Calmly)* I don't doubt it.

MIKAIL. You're not afraid?

TATIANA. *(Looks at him levelly)* Are you? *(By way of response he kisses her, holds her close to him for a moment, then turns and wanders toward the bed)* Mikail, don't tell me you are going back to bed?

MIKAIL. *(Getting in bed)* Yes.

TATIANA. You'd better put your clothes on.

MIKAIL. But my shirt is not dry.

TATIANA. You must be ready for more visitors. Distinguished visitors!

MIKAIL. Even in this costume I am competent to cope with bankers.

TATIANA. You can cope with them better with your clothes on. You must realize that they don't understand the simply dignity of the Russian soul.

MIKAIL. Then I shall show it to them again in

all its undauntable—*(Lies down; pulls clothes up)* unshakable—*(He pulls the covers over him)* untiring strength!

TATIANA. And whatever they promise, you will not give in.

MIKAIL. *(Has the bed clothes up to his nose)* Not a billion, not a million, not a thousand, not a sou! *(He lies on his side and yawns.)*

TATIANA. *(Kneels on bed)* God preserve you, my gallant love! I go down the back way so I shall be sure to see the Duke. He is always watching there, for people trying to sneak out. And I shall buy a dinner worthy of a true servant of the Tsar. *(Sign of the cross)* And bring back—one hundred francs. Goodbye, my pigeon. *(She exits.* MIKAIL *pulls up bedclothes and makes a conscientious effort to go to sleep. There is a knock at the door.)*

MIKAIL. Come in.

*(The door opens, revealing two impressive-looking gentlemen on the landing outside. One of them is* CHAUFFOURIER-DUBIEFF, *governor of the Bank of France. He is old, immaculate and at ease. Behind him is* GENERAL COUNT BREKENSKI, *aide-de-camp to the current pretender to the Russian throne. He also is old, but full of pomposity and grudges.)*

CHAUFFOURIER. Is Prince Ouratieff receiving?

MIKAIL. Come in, gentlemen!

CHAUFFOURIER. I beg your pardon. Did we awaken you?

MIKAIL. No, no! I've merely been resting after cleaning my boots. One moment— *(He jumps out of bed, goes to table, picks up a monocle, puts it in his eye, turns to them and bows with dignity)* Gentlemen! *(The* OTHERS *bow.)*

CHAUFFOURIER. Allow me to introduce myself,

Excellency. I am Chauffourier-Dubieff, governor of the Bank of France.

MIKAIL. I am honored.

CHAUFFOURIER. The Minister of Finance himself begs you to forgive him. He is in Rome at the moment, but after his return he will be pleased to call on you whenever you are disengaged.

MIKAIL. You may assure him that I am in a permanent state of disengagement.

CHAUFFOURIER. In view of the urgency, he begged me to see you this morning and perhaps pave the way for a complete understanding. *(A cough from* COUNT BREKENSKI *calls attention to his presence)* Oh! I beg your pardon—but, of course, Excellency, you know each other.

MIKAIL. I'm afraid I—

BREKENSKI. *(Introducing himself)* Count Feodor Androvitch Brekenski, honorary colonel of the 17th Regiment of Uhlans, honorary page to His Imperial Majesty Alexander II, honorary Governor of Jitomir—

MIKAIL. I am honored to meet so distinguished a compatriot. (MIKAIL *removes the monocle from his eye)* Forgive me, gentlemen, but this damned thing is annoying me. Perhaps I had better put on more formal attire. *(He goes to the wash-stand, puts down eyeglass, and crosses to get the shirt which* TATIANA *has hung up to dry. He reaches for the shirt. It is still damp. He looks discouraged.)*

CHAUFFOURIER. *(Quickly)* I beg you, Excellency. Don't bother to dress! We are all men together.

MIKAIL. That's right—so we are. Sit down, gentlemen. *(Picks up circulars from floor and puts them in stove. Brings chair for* CHAUFFOURIER*)* I can only apologize for the many inadequacies of our home.

CHAUFFOURIER. No apologies are needed, Excellency. Indeed, I must render homage to the heroism,

the grandeur of your—may I say sublime—poverty?

MIKAIL. You may say it, my dear sir *(Softly)* but not with the same feeling that I can put into those words.

BREKENSKI. And believe me, my dear friend, your deplorable situation in this hotel is a source of constant grief to His Imperial Majesty. He, too, is ready at any moment to renew his offer of a pension.

MIKAIL. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to His Highness, and the French Government. Go on, gentlemen.

CHAUFFOURIER. Excellency—I have ascertained the exact sum total of your account at the Bank of France to date. Will you authorize me to make the figure known to Count Brekenski?

MIKAIL. With the greatest of pleasure.

CAUFFOURIER. *(Takes out a small notebook from which he reads)* With all compound interest included, the account of Prince Ouratieff amounts to exactly three billion, eight hundred and eighty-three million, two hundred thousand and sixty-two francs, sixty-five centimes. *(To* BREKENSKI*)* Sixty-five. *(Closes book)* In round figures, four billion francs.

BREKENSKI. *(With dry mouth)* It is impressive.

MIKAIL. *(Sadly)* It impressed me once. But—one can get used to anything—even to the possession of four billion francs.

CHAUFFOURIER. Excellency—how long must we continue with this absurd situation? That vast sum of money is lying idle, doing no good to you nor to anyone. Can you forget that France, the unshakable ally of your lamented sovereign, is today struggling against the most bitter difficulties?

MIKAIL. I know, my dear Governor. I regret it with all my heart. France's sorrows are my sorrows. France has given sanctuary to me, and to many of my countrymen; at great risk to her national security, she has allowed some of us to drive taxis.

CHAUFFOURIER. Oh, yes.

MIKAIL. She is Queen among realms, mistress of all mankind. But that money is not mine. It belongs to the Tsar.

BREKENSKI. *Exactly!* And that is just—

CHAUFFOURIER. Yes—but it could so easily be converted into French Government bonds. We can offer you any one of twelve state loans, each one more—

BREKENSKI. *(Interrupting)* Without forgetting, either, that our holy Russia is groaning under its tyrants, that His Imperial Majesty is ready to put himself at the head of his generous loyalists, to reconquer the sacred soil—whenever the funds for this campaign are forthcoming.

CHAUFFOURIER. *(Vehemently)* Millions which the Bank of France is perfectly ready to advance, against the conversion into any one of twelve state loans—

BREKENSKI. You will be the Liberator of Russia, the restorer of the throne—

CHAUFFOURIER. Need I add that my Government will be happy to render—homage, as extensive as it would be discreet, to your affectionate confidence?

MIKAIL. Gentlemen—gentlemen—this is all very fine—but can't we be more precise? You are about to offer me something. What is it?

CHAUFFOURIER. *(Quickly)* Fifteen million francs.

BREKENSKI. *(Quickly)* And a high place in the counsels of the New Imperial Russia.

CHAUFFOURIER. Think of it, Excellency, high honor and financial security to the end of your days.

MIKAIL. Fifteen millions, to a man who can order four billion boiled eggs for breakfast! Gentlemen, it is ludicrous! *(Rises)* However, my dear Count, I authorize you to say to His Highness that my sword and my fortune are entirely his— *(Exclamations of*

*joy from* BREKENSKI *and* CHAUFFOURIER. *Both rise)* And that I ask no compensation either from His Highness or from the French Government.

BREKENSKI. Oh, Excellency! All of holy Russia is in your debt. *(Very moved, he walks up to* MIKAIL *with outstretched hand.)*

CHAUFFOURIER. *(In the same way)* Excellency—Your magnanimity—your patriotism—touch me so deeply I—

MIKAIL. *(Raising his hands in modesty)* Gentlemen—gentlemen. You are making too much fuss over the proffered services of one soldier—and of a fortune that amounts to no more than twenty francs.

BREKENSKI. *(Stammering)* Twenty francs!

MIKAIL. That's what I'll have left after paying my hotel bill.

CHAUFFOURIER. But the four billions!

MIKAIL. That is not mine to give.

BREKENSKI. Quite right. It is the property of His Imperial Majesty, heir to the throne.

MIKAIL. No, Count Brekenski, it is not his property. I received that money from the hands of a Tsar— It is into the hands of a Tsar that I shall give it back.

BREKENSKI. There are Courts of Justice in Paris. His Imperial Majesty will demand restitution.

MIKAIL. *(Softly—to* CHAUFFOURIER*)* My dear Governor, will you explain to Count Brekenski that all the Judges of France in all their dignity cannot dispossess Prince Ouratieff of a bank account which stands legally in his name?

CHAUFFOURIER. But, Excellency, what does our Bank ask?

MIKAIL. I don't know.

CHAUFFOURIER. A simple conversion into state loans—a mere matter of bookkeeping.

BREKENSKI. *(With signs of anger)* Prince Ouratieff, you doubtless have your own reasons for your

arrogant stubbornness, but permit me to say that, in my eyes, your refusal suggests not only bad faith but downright treason. And I feel sure that His Imperial Majesty will agree—

MIKAIL. Great God! If I refuse to agree to this mere matter of bookkeeping, I'm a traitor. So be it, gentlemen. But—I must remain free to make my own mistakes in my own way. That was my master's wish. The Tsar of Russia trusted me. He knew that calamity was at hand, and a few weeks before the Revolution he caused those colossal sums to be placed in the Bank of France in my name and at my disposal. His only stipulation to me was that I should administer it in the best interests of my sovereign. Make careful note of those words, Count Brekenski—the best interests of my sovereign. I am serving those interests—perhaps stupidly—but with all the devotion at my command. I see no reason to squander that money in the financing of a counter-revolution which would only end in grotesque and horrible failure.

BREKENSKI. You are speaking for yourself, Prince Ouratieff.

MIKAIL. Precisely. And for myseslf I say to you —not a billion, not a million, not a thousand, not a sou! It was a crowned Tsar who gave me that money, not a pretender. And to a crowned Tsar it will be returned. *(To* CHAUFFOURIER*)* Of course a General of Cavalry isn't supposed to know much about business, but I received this money in gold—not in paper, and in gold it will be given back. I tell you this, gentlemen, in the hope that it will relieve you of the necessity for any further visits to this dismal quarter of Paris.

CHAUFFOURIER. Have you considered the possibility of your death?

MIKAIL. I am reminded of that frequently. But

God is a Russian. He will take care of the money and me—after I have been murdered.

CHAUFFOURIER. Murdered?

MIKAIL. *(Calmly)* Yes.

BREKENSKI. Your life has been threatened?

MIKAIL. The representatives of the other Russia are also very interested in those four billion francs. I think they will spare no effort to get them.

BREKENSKI. But it is unthinkable that they might—

MIKAIL. Don't worry, my dear Count, they may seize me; they may bring you my hand—but not my signature.

CHAUFFOURIER. *(Caressingly)* Don't you worry, your Excellency. Our police are excessively vigigant. Why—would you believe it?—in this district not so much as an artichoke is stolen without their knowing of it at once.

MIKAIL. An artichoke?

CHAUFFOURIER. Oh, it's nothing. The grocer is instructed to look the other way. Oh, we handle it with the utmost discretion. The bills for your provisions are sent first to the local police station, who transmit them to Headquarters, whence they go to the Foreign Office for approval and then to the Bureau of the Secret Funds for payment. The matter is handled by four different government departments.

MIKAIL. *(Profoundly distressed)* My dear Governor.

CHAUFFOURIER. You may consider that a great deal of official machinery for one artichoke. But it is that very thoroughness which accounts for the greatness of France.

MIKAIL. I am terribly upset about this. I assure you it will not happen again.

CHAUFFOURIER. Don't give it another thought, Excellency. You and Her Highness are extraordin-

arily modest in your demands. In fact, we have all been astounded at your ability to live on such small quantity of food. The French Government is perfectly able to pay your bills even in these crucial times. And we are glad to do so. We are your friends—your well-wishers—ever eager to help in every way possible—to restore you to the estate which is so rightfully yours. *(At this moment the front door opens and in comes* TATIANA. *Her shopping bag is swelled to bursting point with various provisions. Besides this, she holds a superb bottle of champagne in one hand and under her other arm is a large bundle of gay flowers.)*

MIKAIL. *(Horrified)* Oh, Tatiana— (TATIANA *flourishes the champagne. She looks at the two gentlemen with amiable curiosity. Severely)* Tatiana, may I present Monsieur Chauffourier-Dubieff, Governor of the Bank of France—and Count Brekenski.

TATIANA. How do you do?

MIKAIL. Her Imperial Highness Tatiana Petrovna Princess Ouratieva, my wife. *(The two gentlemen bow low, murmuring "Highness."* CHAUFFOURIER *and* BREKENSKI *come forward to kiss* TATIANA'S *hand. She puts the shopping bag on the table, also the champagne and the flowers.)*

TATIANA. Forgive me—one moment— *(She thrusts her hand into the top of her blouse and draws out one artichoke and then another, which she places on the table. She smiles apologetically at* BREKENSKI*)* They were scratching me. *(She extends her hands and* CHAUFFOURIER *and* BREKENSKI *kiss them with deep reverence. She withdraws her hands)* Enough!—I must put these in water. *(She picks up the flowers and goes out.)*

MIKAIL. I think the interview is ended.

CHAUFFOURIER. Excellency, we will retire.

(CHAUFFOURIER *and* BREKENSKI *bow and go, the latter with considerable ill feeling.)*

MIKAIL. *(Sees gloves on bed, picks them up and crosses to door)* My dear Governor! (CHAUFFOURIER *returns hastily, full of hope.)*

CHAUFFOURIER. Excellency? You have changed your mind?

MIKAIL. You are forgetting your gloves.

CHAUFFOURIER. But now that we are alone—those bonds—

MIKAIL. Exactly! *(He picks up artichokes; with a hasty gesture he thrusts them, with the gloves, into* CHAUFFOURIER'S *hat, and shows him to the door.)*

CHAUFFOURIER. *(Turns to* MIKAIL*)* And I trust that you'll enjoy a most excellent dinner. As guests of France. (CHAUFFOURIER *exits.* MIKAIL *inspects the contents of the shopping bag; takes out a jar of caviar.)*

MIKAIL. By St. Christopher! Tatiana! Tatiana!

TATIANA. *(Off stage)* I'm coming. *(Enters with tablecloth.)*

MIKAIL. Caviar!

TATIANA. *(Pleasantly)* Yes, my pigeon!

MIKAIL. Two hundred francs a pound.

TATIANA. Mikail! You mustn't speak about the cost of it. You sound like a tradesman.

MIKAIL. Tatiana, did you pay the hotel bill?

TATIANA. I couldn't find our dear landlord, the Duke of Courlande.

MIKAIL. Tatiana—

TATIANA. I looked for him everywhere. Really I did.

MIKAIL. And you spent our entire fortune?

TATIANA. Darling, I had to.

MIKAIL. But can't we keep body and soul together without caviar and champagne?

TATIANA. *(With heat)* Have you forgotten what day this is?

MIKAIL. I'm quite certain it's not Christmas.

TATIANA. The fourth of November.

MIKAIL. And what is the fourth of November to us?

TATIANA. It's the day of the victory!

MIKAIL. What victory?

TATIANA. *(Indignantly)* Samarcand. On the fourth of November, 1487—

MIKAIL. Five hundred years ago!

TATIANA. And what is five hundred years to eternal Russia? *(She looks among the things on the table)* The artichokes? Where are the artichokes?

MIKAIL. I returned them to our host.

TATIANA. But today I *paid* for them.

MIKAIL. You *paid* for all this?

TATIANA. Well—you couldn't expect me to buy caviar and champagne with one hundred francs. *(*MIKAIL *lies on the bed, looking away)* Mikail! What is wrong? Darling! What is it? Mikail! Did you give in to them? Did you let them hoodwink you into—

MIKAIL. *(Turns to her)* Tatiana Petrovna—we shall have to move.

TATIANA. Move? From this hotel?

MIKAIL. Perhaps from France itself.

TATIANA. But why?

MIKAIL. Because we're wards of the state. I've learned why the grocer looks the other way and it's nothing to do with the Russian God. He is commanded to do so by the benevolent French Government—who pays for all the artichokes you carry off.

TATIANA. Pays for them!

MIKAIL. Yes, the bills for all that we've stolen and eaten have gone to the Republic of France, and they're handled by four different Departments.

TATIANA. The swine! Putting us in their debt!

Mikail—we must pay them. You must find out how much it is and pay them—every last sou.

MIKAIL. But how?

TATIANA. Take the money from the bank.

MIKAIL. Never!

TATIANA. *(Pleading desperately)* But it would only be a little bit, to save our honor. Surely, Heaven would forgive us that.

MIKAIL. No, Tatiana, I would not dare. If I touch a penny of that money, we're lost. I don't do things by halves. In a fortnight we should be living at the Ritz. No, my darling—our honor has been lost and I see no prospect of regaining it this side of the grave.

TATIANA. *(Bursts into tears)* And I was so sure it was my cleverness. I was so sure I'd outwitted them all.

MIKAIL. *(Infinitely sympathetic)* Neither of us ever dreamed they could be guilty of such dishonesty.

TATIANA. And I was always so careful never to take *too* much. Only just what we barely needed.

MIKAIL. I know, Tatiana.

TATIANA. If I'd only known how they were deceiving us—if I'd only *known*—I'd have taken caviar every day!

MIKAIL. Yes, of course you would, my darling—and now you know why we must move! *(He gives her his handkerchief.)*

TATIANA. Yes! We must never again submit to their treacherous charity. We will go to the ends of the earth. But when we get there—what shall we have to eat?

MIKAIL. There is only one possible solution; I must work.

TATIANA. Work! Mikail—even for fun you must not say things like that.

MIKAIL. It isn't for fun. It's for food!

TATIANA. But what could you do?

MIKAIL. Admiral Soukhomine works. He navigates a taxi.

TATIANA. Yes—and he kills more people than he ever did with all his battleships.

MIKAIL. And Colonel Trepanoff works at the Kasbek—doing the dagger dance. Two daggers in the belt, and another in the teeth. I could do that. *(He prepares to demonstrate with table knives; tries to dance; falls down.* TATIANA *claps her hands.)*

TATIANA. Yes—and while you were dancing, what would I be doing? Waiting all night, outside some filthy cabaret, with bandages to tie you together again when the dagger slipped. No! I shall do the work. *(Takes knives from him; puts them on table.)*

MIKAIL. You?

TATIANA. Yes. I've been invited to pose for an artist.

MIKAIL. Who is he?

TATIANA. I don't know. I met him at the wine merchant's.

MIKAIL. He spoke to you?

TATIANA. He was very sweet. He said he would like to paint me in the nude.

MIKAIL. And you would so far degrade yourself—

TATIANA. I would do anything to keep you away from daggers and taxis—because I love you—*(After a moment, both on floor,* MIKAIL *takes her in his arms. For a while, together in silence.)*

MIKAIL. I have thought the matter over; I've decided you will not pose in the nude—no matter how sweet he may be.

TATIANA. But I will not starve!

MIKAIL. I've heard it isn't a bad death.

TATIANA. I refuse to die—or let you die. For if we are gone what will become of all those billions?

They'll be orphans—helpless and alone. We must find a way to live, Mikail!

MIKAIL. Condemned to misery and hunger all the days—

TATIANA. Yes—misery and hunger—the greatest luxuries of our race! We were born to suffer and to love it. Life for us is so beautiful—and so sad. *(Knock at door.)*

MIKAIL. Come in. (MARTELLEAU *enters. He is a broken-down little valet, very humble. They pay no attention to him as they still hold each other)* Who is it? And what do you want?

MARTELLEAU. Your pardon, sir. I am Martelleau, of Room 12, your neighbor.

MIKAIL. Come in, my neighbor.

TATIANA. *(Rises)* And shut the door, Room 12.

MARTELLEAU. Forgive me for troubling you, Excellency.

MIKAIL. *(Rises)* "Excellency." From what work of fiction did you derive that title?

MARTELLEAU. You are an Excellency, aren't you?

MIKAIL. I was. But in this hotel I'm known as that bloody Russian.

MARTELLEAU. The police downstairs all call you Excellency.

MIKAIL. Do they? They are men of refinement. What do you want?

MARTELLEAU. The proprietor of the hotel has authorized me to take up a collection.

MIKAIL. *(Eagerly)* For us?

MARTELLEAU. No. (MIKAIL *turns away with disgust; sits on end of bed)* It is for the little woman in Room 16—the one who had her baby the day before yesterday. She is pining away with hunger, and the little brat with thirst. So—if you could spare any little gift.

TATIANA. If we had only a thousand francs left in the world, we should give a thousand francs—

MARTELLEAU. I knew you would, madame. You're Russian and that means a heart of gold.

TATIANA. But—we have nothing left.

MARTELLEAU. That is most unfortunate. But I understand. I, too, know what it is to be out of work in these unhappy times. Forgive me for having bothered you. *(He seems about to depart, but* MIKAIL *stops him.)*

MIKAIL. Wait, my friend. Do you ever expect to find work again?

MARTELLEAU. Oh, yes, sir. I am always hopeful.

TATIANA. What is your occupation, godly man? *(Sits beside* MIKAIL *on bed.)*

MARTELLEAU. Oh, butler, valet, even waiter if necessary.

MIKAIL. Where will you look for work?

MARTELLEAU. In the newspaper.

MIKAIL. Newspaper?

MARTELLEAU. You know, "domestic situations vacant." *(He taps a dirty old newspaper in his pocket)* When the little woman is well again, she will send the child to the country and then we'll try to get employment together as a *married* couple.

TATIANA. You are going to marry her, godly man?

MARTELLEAU. Oh, no—I already have a wife, unfortunately. But *she* has a good job. There's no need to worry about her. But this little woman and I will get along well enough together.

TATIANA. You know, pigeon, it sounds like an ideal existence. Are there many such opportunities?

MARTELLEAU. Oh, yes, you hear of them now and then. There is a most excellent one in the paper today.

TATIANA. Oh! Let me see!

MARTELLEAU. Number four, Avenue de Tourville, butler and housemaid. Two rooms of their

own on the sixth floor—with servants' lift. Use of motor car to go shopping in. Central heating—

MIKAIL. Central heating!

MARTELLEAU. One Sunday out of two. Absolute paradise. *(Puts paper into his pocket.)*

TATIANA. *(Sadly)* And you and the little woman will have all that!

MARTELLEAU. Oh, no—unfortunately they won't wait for her recovery. But—I must be getting on with the collection. Good day, madame.

TATIANA. *(Picks up cloth from table with all the food in it)* No—wait. You are not going away empty-handed. *(Gives the bundle to* MARTELLEAU*)* Take this to the little woman and the brat. (MIKAIL *turns over on the bed and lies face down.)*

MARTELLEAU. But will you have anything left?

TATIANA. That doesn't matter. Go on—take it all.

MIKAIL. *(Lifts head)* Don't hesitate, my friend. She is a saint.

MARTELLEAU. Oh, I can see that. Madame, I can never repay you for this.

TATIANA. Yes, you can. Give me that newspaper.

MARTELLEAU. But of course— *(He hands her the paper.)*

TATIANA. No—don't go yet. Give this to the little woman and tell her to drink to the health of Russia. *(Gives him champagne.)*

MARTELLEAU. *(Overcome with emotion)* Thank you—thank you—God bless you and preserve you— *(He goes out.)*

TATIANA. It really doesn't matter whether the victory is celebrated in room four or in room sixteen. *(She closes the door after him and turns to face* MIKAIL*)* You weren't really hungry, were you, darling? Tell me that you weren't.

MIKAIL. Oh, no, I was not hungry.

TATIANA. No more was I. *(Kneels by him. She looks at the paper)* Two well-heated rooms—ser-

vants' lift—one Sunday out of two— Absolute paradise!

MIKAIL. Are you trying to tell me that we might be a married couple?

TATIANA. *(Exultantly. Rises)* Yes, yes, yes! You the butler and I the housemaid!

MIKAIL. But are we fitted for such grandeur?

TATIANA. Why not? You have been a chamberlain and I a lady-in-waiting.

MIKAIL. That was in Petersburg, for the Tsar!

TATIANA. And this is in Paris but still for the Tsar!

MIKAIL. *(Excitedly. Rising)* My sainted darling! I believe it is possible! I see myself again, throwing open the windows of the Imperial chamber and announcing: "Majesty, there is snow"—and then, with perfect grace, presenting belt and tunic to Nicholas Alexandrovitch. And you doing the fair hair of Her Imperial Highness, fetching her gloves, telling poor Frederiks that Her Majesty will not be visible today. We were good servants, Tatiana. We will be good servants again! I must find my boots!

TATIANA. But wait—

MIKAIL. We wait for nothing! The command is "forward!"

TATIANA. But we shall need references. *(Points to newspaper.)*

MIKAIL. References? We shall provide them at once. Sit down at the table and write.

TATIANA. What shall I say?

MIKAIL. "The undersigned, the Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna, Princess Ouratieva, states that she has had in her service—"

TATIANA Service. How do you spell it? With an s or a c?

MIKAIL. Which looks better? *(He has gone out and started to hurl himself into his clothes.)*

TATIAN. Service—c!

MIKAIL. C, then! "—in her service Michel Popoff and his wife, Tina Popoff."

TATIANA. Popoff will not do. They'll think we made it up. The name will be Dubrovsky. You remember the dentist in St. Petersburg—his name was Dubrovsky.

MIKAIL. Don't stop for reminiscences. Continue. "From January 1919 until today. They are faithful, loyal, exceptionally intelligent, skillful, honest and they do not drink."

TATIANA. Do not drink. Do you suppose they have vodka in this house?

MIKAIL. If not, they soon will. Continue. "And I am pleased to recommend them in the highest possible terms—" And then you sign.

TATIANA. Well, I hope that my right hand does not wither for this.

MIKAIL. And underneath write: "Spoletto, October 30, 1925." *(He returns.)*

TATIANA. Spoletto? Is there such a place?

MIKAIL. I don't know, but it sounds vaguely fashionable and yet remote. We don't want them making inquiries. (MIKAIL *takes down flag and sword.)*

TATIANA. *(Reading reference)* Do you think we've said enough about our good points?

MIKAIL. We mustn't exaggerate. Go and put on your hat.

TATIANA. You know the Duke of Courlande may object to us leaving so abruptly.

MIKAIL. We're not leaving officially. We are going for a little walk. Hurry. *(Puts ikon out.)*

TATIANA. We ought to see him before we leave. He might give us a reference.

MIKAIL. Put on your hat. (TATIANA *exits. He puts sword and flag on washstand, gets bag off table, takes ikon down, puts it into bag. He is about to leave when* MARTELLEAU *knocks.)*

MARTELLEAU. *(Coming in)* Your pardon—Excellency—but I thought you'd be pleased to know she gobbled up everything except the caviar—she was afraid of that.

MIKAIL. *(Hopefully)* You've brought it back?

MARTELLEAU. No. Just to show her she needn't be afraid, I ate it in front of her. *(Folds up cloth; puts it on table.* TATIANA *enters.)*

TATIANA. Are you ready, my pigeon?

MARTELLEAU. Oh, madame, you are a saint. And this day you have earned a higher place in heaven. (TATIANA *gives him flowers.)*

MIKAIL. With a servants' lift, I hope! (MARTELLEAU *exits, saying, "Thank you, madame.")*

TATIANA. Are you ready, my pigeon?

MIKAIL. Come here, Tina. *(Folds flag; puts it around her neck like a scarf)* At least, we shall go with flying colors.

TATIANA. And the sword? We can't be going for a little walk with a sword!

MIKAIL. I have plans for that. *(He takes the sword and puts it down the right leg of his trousers; gives a cry of pain.)*

TATIANA. You're wounded?

MIKAIL. No—it's damn cold. Does it show much?

TATIANA. You will become used to it. It is a long walk to the Avenue de Tourville.

MIKAIL. *(Looking round, takes a pair of socks off line; puts them in his coat pocket)* Is there anything else?

TATIANA. *(Looking round)* Yes. Let us finish the vodka. *(She gets the bottle off the washstand; fills the two glasses; gives him one)* This is for courage! *(They drink Russian fashion, link arms.)*

MIKAIL. A life for the Tsar, Tatiana Petrovna.

TATIANA. A life for the Tsar, Mikail Alexandrovitch. *(When they finish they throw the glasses on*

*the floor.* MIKAIL *picks up the shopping bag and limps to the door.)*

MIKAIL. Come now, we mustn't keep our employers waiting. *(Throws open door)* Proceed, Highness! *(Bows.)*

TATIANA. Don't try to bow! *(They go out.)*

## CURTAIN

## SCENE II

FERNANDE DUPONT'S *boudoir. It is chic, modernistic, but containing an unuttered confession of bourgeois bad taste.*

*There are three doors: one leading to* FERNANDE'S *bedroom, another to* CHARLES'S *bedroom and a third to the main part of the house. There are some chairs, a window-seat and a dressing-table, and a desk.*

*The* DUPONTS *are middle-aged, dull, wealthy and harassed.*

FERNANDE, *wearing a peignoir, is seated at dressing-table, trying to put her shoe on.* CHARLES *enters with a black shoe on left foot, red slipper on right.*

FERNANDE. Charles! Where is your other shoe?

CHARLES. That's what I came in here for—to find out. The damned thing has vanished.

FERNANDE. Have you looked under your bed?

CHARLES. Yes—and in it. I can't find anything in this house. Really, Fernande—I don't want to keep harping on it, but when in God's name are we going to have some servants?

FERNANDE. Don't ask *me—I* can do nothing—

CHARLES. But it's your job, isn't it? Or am I supposed to manage this house as well as the grumbling

stockholders who hammer and yammer at me all day?

FERNANDE. I've seen dozens of servants in the past week. They were all either escaped convicts or congenital idiots.

CHARLES. Well—if you see any more escaped convicts, engage them. Either that or we'll move to a hotel. *(He bends down to look under the desk, but suddenly straightens up, holding his forehead)* Oh!

FERNANDE. What's the matter?

CHARLES. I have the most horrible headache.

FERNANDE. Then go and take some aspirin.

CHARLES. I've already swallowed the whole bottle. But it's some kind of neuralgia. It's like a dentist's drill boring into my brain, here. *(Points to his super-orbital nerve.)*

FERNANDE. *(Stroking his head)* My poor darling!

CHARLES. *(Capitalizing her rare sympathy)* I don't see how I'm going to stand much more of this, Fernande. I think I'll have to go away somewhere—if there's any place left on earth where you don't hear endless talk about economic chaos—and threats of war—and the collapse of civilization—and where I won't ever have to dress for dinner. What on *earth* do you suppose has happened to my other shoe?

FERNANDE. Here! I'll look for it. *(There is a knock at the door)* Come in! (LOUISE *enters. She is the cook—fat, competent and calm.)*

LOUISE. Madame, it is another married couple.

FERNANDE. What are they like?

CHARLES. Never *mind* what they're like! We want them!

LOUISE. She has a funny accent.

CHARLES. Accent?

LOUISE. Probably Swiss.

FERNANDE. They don't sound trustworthy.

CHARLES. Nevertheless, we shall see them. The

time has passed when we could afford to be fussy about accents.

FERNANDE. Very well, Louise. Bring them in!

LOUISE. Yes, madame.

CHARLES. *(To* FERNANDE*)* If they are half human don't let them get away.

LOUISE. *(Appearing in the doorway)* This way—in here! (TATIANA *and* MIKAIL *come in, dressed as when we last saw them,* MIKAIL *still stiff-legged from the concealed sword. They present themselves with an air of dignified deference.)*

FERNANDE. *(Cordially)* Come in—both of you!

CHARLES. *(Cheerily)* Good evening.

MIKAIL. *(With a slight bow)* Sir—Madame!

TATIANA. *(To* CHARLES*)* Good evening.

FERNANDE. You're looking for a place?

MIKAIL. Yes, madame; we saw your esteemed advertisement and so we are here—

TATIANA. We are eager to serve you, madame.

FERNANDE. *(Suspiciously)* Weren't you happy in your previous place?

TATIANA. *(Eagerly)* Ah, yes, madame. We have always been divinely happy—even when—

MIKAIL. *(Interrupting)* But our employers went abroad.

CHARLES. Are you Swiss?

MIKAIL. We are Russian, sir.

TATIANA. White Russian.

CHARLES. Who were your previous employers?

MIKAIL. His Highness General Prince Mikail Alexandrovitch Ouratieff.

TATIANA. And his wife, Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna.

CHARLES. *(Impressed)* Really! *(Fastens up braces.)*

FERNANDE. You have references, of course?

TATIANA. Oh, yes, madame. (MIKAIL *hands the reference to* FERNANDE.)

CHARLES. Where else have you been in service?

TATIANA. For a while we were with the Duke of Courlande.

MIKAIL. *(Silencing her)* That was merely a visit.

FERNANDE. This reference is most encouraging—"faithful—loyal—exceptionally intelligent." Evidently you pleased the Grand Duchess. I shall ask for an interview with her.

TATIANA. Oh, no, madame. Her Highness is in—in—where *is* Her Highness?

MIKAIL. *(Thinking very hard)* Let me see—

FERNANDE. This is written from Spoletto.

MIKAIL. Spoletto! That is right.

FERNANDE. Did you have another place before you were with Her Highness?

TATIANA. Yes, madame. We had another master in Russia.

CHARLES. Who?

TATIANA. He is dead. *(Both she and* MIKAIL *cross themselves.)*

CHARLES. Yes, yes. Killed in the Revolution?

MIKAIL. Yes, sir.

FERNANDE. I can see that you *are* loyal. What wages do you expect?

MIKAIL. *(Vaguely)* Wages, madame?

FERNANDE. How much do you expect to be paid?

TATIANA. *(Helplessly)* We don't know, madame. We don't know at all.

FERNANDE. Well—what did you receive in your last place?

MIKAIL. Let me see—just what was it, Tati—Tina?

TATIANA. I can't quite remember—not a billion—not a million—not a thousand—

FERNANDE. I should hope not.

CHARLES. *(Helpfully)* Perhaps you're not very familiar with *French* money. (TATIANA *nods "Yes" to* CHARLES.)

MIKAIL. That's it, sir! That's it exactly!

FERNANDE. *(With some impatience)* It doesn't matter. Whatever it was, I shall give—seven hundred francs to the butler and four hundred to the maid.

TATIANA. No; that will not do!

FERNANDE. I consider it a very good wage.

MIKAIL. *(To* TATIANA*)* It is a most magnificent wage!

TATIANA. No! Four hundred for the butler and seven hundred for the maid.

FERNANDE. You may arrange that between yourselves.

CHARLES. When can you come to us?

MIKAIL. *(With a glance at* TATIANA*)* When, sir?

CHARLES. We are in a great hurry.

MIKAIL. Then we could arrange to start, let us say—now.

CHARLES. Splendid! Well, Fernande, I don't think we need ask any more questions.

FERNANDE. *(In an undertone)* Do you think they'll do?

CHARLES. I'm positive of it. *(While the* DUPONTS *are talking to each other,* MIKAIL *and* TATIANA *are whispering.)*

FERNANDE. There's something about them that doesn't seem quite—genuine.

CHARLES. We'll never know until we've tried them. Between them they may at least find my other shoe.

FERNANDE. Very well. You are engaged.

MIKAIL. *(Bowing)* Ah, thank you, madame.

TATIANA. *(At the same time)* May the Great Father bless and preserve you, godly woman.

FERNANDE. You'll be here on a temporary basis, of course. Where is your luggage?

TATIAN. It's—

MIKAIL. It has ceased to exist, madame.

CHARLES. Haven't you even a dress suit?

MIKAIL. No, sir.

FERNANDE. But how did you dress at Her Highness's?

MIKAIL. In Russian fashion, madame: boots, wide breeches, blue belt and bright red shirt, with dagger in here. *(Pointing to his chest.)*

CHARLES. Very picturesque. But I hardly think that would be quite the costume for our needs.

FERNANDE. And you?

TATIANA. Also in Russian fashion, madame: short, pleated skirt, flowered blouse, low neck, bare arms, and silver-tipped pins in the hair.

CHARLES. *(Beaming)* Well, that sounds rather attractive.

FERNANDE. In this house you will have to become used to dressing like other servants.

MIKAIL. White tie, madame?

CHARLES. With black waistcoat.

FERNANDE. We have the clothes worn by your predecessors. They will fit well enough.

MIKAIL. We shall be proud to adjust ourselves, madame.

FERNANDE. There are four of us here—Monsieur Dupont, your master (MIKAIL *and* TATIANA *bow),* and myself (MIKAIL *and* TATIANA *bow again),* and our two children, Monsieur George and Mademoiselle Helene. (MIKAIL *and* TATIANA *are delighted)* And I want you to bear in mind, at all times, that we are particularly strict in the matter of our accounts with the tradespeople. *(To* CHARLES*)* I seem to have heard that Russians are apt to be careless about money.

MIKAIL, TATIANA. *(Together)* Oh, no, madame!

MIKAIL. We have been trained to guard every last sou.

FERNANDE. You'll be required to do so with us.

Monsieur Dupont is a banker and the slightest sign of irregularity—

MIKAIL. I beg your pardon, madame?

FERNANDE. Well?

MIKAIL. Did you say that Monsieur is a banker?

FERNANDE. Yes. (MIKAIL *starts to leave but is stopped by* TATIANA.)

CHARLES. Have you any particular objection to bankers?

TATIANA. No!

MIKAIL. *(Recollecting himself)* Oh, no, sir. Pray forgive me. I was only thinking of my master, Prince Ouratieff. He loathed bankers with a loathing—

CHARLES. You'll make an effort to forget the prejudices of your former employers.

MIKAIL. *(Humbly)* Yes, sir.

FERNANDE. Come with me. I'll take you to the kitchen. *(She goes out.* MIKAIL *steps aside to let* TATIANA *pass first, bowing slightly as she goes out.)*

CHARLES. You—wait!

MIKAIL. Yes, sir?

CHARLES. What's your name?

MIKAIL. Dubrovsky, sir. Michael Dubrovsky.

CHARLES. Michel will be enough. I've lost my other shoe. Look for it! (MIKAIL *glances at* CHARLES'S *feet.)*

MIKAIL. Red or black, sir?

CHARLES. Black. (MIKAIL *goes to window; looks up)* I don't think you'll find it on the balcony. (MIKAIL *looks in flowers)* Look under the dressing-table.

MIKAIL. Yes, sir. *(He starts to kneel down by table and stretches his right leg straight behind him.)*

CHARLES. Good God! Have you got a wooden leg?

MIKAIL. Oh, no, sir—no!

CHARLES. Then what's the matter with you?

MIKAIL. Rheumatism, sir. *(He straightens up with difficulty.)*

CHARLES. Does it trouble you much?

MIKAIL. No, sir—only when I undergo a sudden change of climate. You see, sir, I've just come from the south. It will be well in no time, I assure you. (FERNANDE *enters.)*

CHARLES. Let us trust so.

FERNANDE. Charles, I want Michel to go and change now: whatever you want him to do can wait. You will find the kitchen through that hall on the right.

CHARLES. Very well, you may go, and don't forget—

MIKAIL. The shoe. No, sir. Sir, Madame! *(He goes out.)*

FERNANDE. *(Sits at dressing table)* I think they make a rather good impression, on the whole.

CHARLES. He's rheumatic. I don't like that.

FERNANDE. Oh, we'll soon find a remedy for that. The main point is, that I approve of his manners.

CHARLES. I like her better.

FERNANDE. *(Acidly)* I noticed that. I saw the way you looked at her.

CHARLES. What do you mean?

FERNANDE. She has a very melting expression. Most effective.

CHARLES. Do you realize you're talking about a servant?

FERNANDE. Yes, my dear. But also—a Russian.

CHARLES. Russian or Swede or Annamite, I'm not interested in housemaids, and I don't at all like the implication that I noticed her looks, melting or otherwise.

FERNANDE. Now, Charles—don't get excited.

CHARLES. I'm not excited. I'm only telling you that I leave servants to the tradesmen. So please don't insult me by assuming that— *(The door opens,*

*and* GEORGE *and* HELENE *come in. They are as formal and snobbish as their parents; she is about eighteen and he twenty.)*

GEORGE. Who are those two odd-looking people with Louise?

CHARLES. Our new servants—but judging by your mother's attitude—I'm afraid they will not grow gray in our service. *(He goes out.)*

HELENE. Really, Mother, can't we ever have decent-looking servants in this house?

FERNANDE. Is there anything wrong with their appearance?

GEORGE. He looks more like a waiter than a butler.

HELENE. She seems a cheap, impudent little thing.

FERNANDE. Perhaps you two superior beings will be interested to know that they worked for six years for Prince Ouratieff—

HELENE. Prince *who?*

FERNANDE. Prince Ouratieff and his wife, the Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna.

GEORGE. *(Laughing)* Ah! Then that accounts for it.

FERNANDE. Accounts for what?

GEORGE. They're Russians!

FERNANDE. And what has that to do with it?

HELENE. You've let yourself be taken in. You probably believed everything they told you.

FERNANDE. They had a most glowing reference from Her Highness.

GEORGE. My dear Mother, don't you know that *all* Russians are Princes and Grand Duchesses—or Generals, at the very least?

FERNANDE. I'm not listening to a word you say—or you either, Helene. I only want to beg you not to treat these people like dirt under your feet, as

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you did with François and Berthe. They'd have been with us yet if it hadn't been for you.

GEORGE. Then I'm very sorry.

FERNANDE. Oh, are you?

GEORGE. François and Berthe weren't much, but at least they weren't foreigners.

FERNANDE. When you speak to Michel and Tina, please address them by name. Not—hey—or psst. And if you have to make insulting remarks about them, wait until they have left the room. And as for you, Helene—

HELENE. *(Calmly)* Yes, Mother?

FERNANDE. The butler in this house has a great many duties more important than taking your Pekinese out for a walk every hour.

GEORGE. I see. You mean, you want us to coddle them.

FERNANDE. I don't expect you to make the slightest effort. I know that would be asking too much. But don't do anything to drive them out of the house before your father and I decide it's time for them to go. Will you be dining at home tonight?

HELENE. No. I'm dining with the Comtesse de Maupendy. There's to be a rehearsal of that dreary Venetian fête, and she wants me to be one of the musicians.

GEORGE. You're not going to try to play that guitar of mine?

HELENE. *(Defiantly)* It's for the benefit of the orphans!

GEORGE. God help them!

HELENE. Shut up.

FERNANDE. For Heaven's sake stop fighting!

HELENE. But he's so damned rude.

FERNANDE. You're both rude! Insufferable! Where are you going, George?

GEORGE. *(Proudly)* To the Club. I'm going to fence with Aldonadi, the World Champion.

HELENE. *(Quietly)* God help *you.* (CHARLES *returns.)*

CHARLES. Helene, when you last saw that Pekinese of yours, did it by any chance have a dress shoe in its mouth?

HELENE. I don't think so, Father.

CHARLES. *(To* FERNANDE*)* What's wrong with the bells in this house? I've been ringing and ringing. *(He has crossed to door and flung it open, revealing* MIKAIL *and* TATIANA *on the threshold. They are wearing their servants' clothes)* What are you two standing there for? Eavesdropping?

MIKAIL. We were waiting, sir.

CHARLES. What for?

MIKAIL. To be summoned, sir.

CHARLES. Evidently you haven't heard about electric bells for summoning purposes.

TATIANA. Oh, yes—we heard them ringing and ringing. They have a lovely sound.

CHARLES. Come in!

FERNANDE. This is my daughter, Mademoiselle Helene.

TATIANA, MIKAIL. How do you do!

FERNANDE. And my son, Monsieur George.

MIKAIL, TATIANA. *(Cordially)* How do you do? *(Bow to* GEORGE.)

GEORGE. Quite well, thank you.

FERNANDE. Come with me, Tina.

TATIANA. Yes, madame. (FERNANDE *goes out.* TATIANA *starts to follow, but* GEORGE'S *feet are in her way, forcing her to make a detour.)*

CHARLES. Haven't you found—

MIKAIL. Your shoe? No, sir.

CHARLES. Well—go in there and look for it.

MIKAIL. Very good, sir. *(He goes, humming, into* CHARLES'S *bedroom.)*

CHARLES. What was that strange noise he was making?

HELENE. *(Laughing)* He was humming.

CHARLES. Did anyone ask him to hum?

GEORGE. Perhaps that's a Russian custom. I know, at the White Eagle, all the waiters sing. Well—I must dress. *(To* CHARLES*)* I'll let you know if I come across your shoe. *(Exits humming loudly.)*

HELENE. You have my deepest sympathy, Father.

CHARLES. Have I asked for it?

HELENE. I hope you escape from darkest Russia. *(She goes out.)*

CHARLES. You needn't worry about those Russians— They'll be out of this house tomorrow. Both of them! (CHARLES *goes to a mirror to straighten his tie.* MIKAIL *comes in, bearing* CHARLES'S *shoe on a little salver, like Cinderella's slipper.)*

MIKAIL. Your shoe, sir. *(He kneels)* Permit me, sir. *(Lifts* CHARLES'S *foot.* CHARLES *stumbles)* Lean on me, sir. (MIKAIL *with deft dexterity starts to put the shoe on and to lace it.* CHARLES *watches him, impressed in spite of himself.)*

CHARLES. Michel.

MIKAIL. Yes, sir.

CHARLES. I have something to say to you.

MIKAIL. Yes, sir?

CHARLES. Do you always hum at your work?

MIKAIL. Did you say "hum," sir?

CHARLES. When I sent you in there to look for my shoe, you were humming, unmistakably.

MIKAIL. *(He stands up)* You're quite right, sir. So I was. It was a sensation of joy, sir, at being in your service. It shan't happen again, sir, I assure you. And now, sir—may I fetch you some medicine?

CHARLES. Medicine? What for?

MIKAIL. For your headache, sir.

CHARLES. How did you know I have a headache?

MIKAIL. I can see it in your eyes, sir—a struggle against intolerable pain.

CHARLES. You're very observant, but medicine

will do me no good. This is a headache that only the guillotine could cure. Do you know how to use the telephone?

MIKAIL. Oh, yes, sir.

CHARLES. It's over there. Get me Litré—thirty-five-nine. (MIKAIL *goes to the telephone. Starts to dial)* You're not limping any more.

MIKAIL. No, sir. I saw that my rheumatism displeased you.

CHARLES. Ask to speak to Monsieur Chauffourier-Dubieff.

MIKAIL. Monsieur who, sir?

CHARLES. Chauffourier-Dubieff.

MIKAIL. Do you mean the Governor of the Bank of France?

CHARLES. Certainly.

MIKAIL. Oh, sir, do I have to speak to him?

CHARLES. Why not? Do your former master's prejudices against bankers prevent you from addressing the Governor—?

MIKAIL. Excuse me, sir. *(Assumes slightly false voice)* Hello, Monsieur Chauffourier-Dubieff, please—

CHARLES. If he's there, I'll speak to him.

MIKAIL. *(Puts hand over phone)* What name, sir?

CHARLES. What!

MIKAIL. Your name, sir?

CHARLES. That's funny! *(Suddenly remembers)* Dupont.

MIKAIL. Hello? M. Chauffourier-Dubieff? M. Dupont wishes to speak to you. Hold the phone, please. *(He hands the telephone to* CHARLES *and starts to go.)*

CHARLES. No, wait, Michel. *(Into the telephone)* Hello, Chauffourier— Well enough, except for a splitting headache— Yes—I suppose we all have them these days— I'll be a little late, I'm afraid, and we may not have a chance to talk together. So

I'm anxious to know if you've had any word about that Bakoura oil business— Who? You've seen him? What did he say? I see— Yes— I thought he'd be difficult. What about the Royal-Dutch interests? I see— They're shrewd devils, those Soviet Commissars— Yes, it's all pretty damned discouraging— No—not a word. I'll be with you in about half an hour. Goodbye. *(He puts the telephone down and stands for a moment with his hand to his head, a figure of suffering.* CHARLES *groans.* MIKAIL *takes phone; puts it down.)*

MIKAIL. Please, sir—we really must do something about that headache.

CHARLES. *We* must?

MIKAIL. Yes, sir. There's a Russian remedy that's infallible.

CHARLES. Some sort of witchcraft, I suppose?

MIKAIL. No, sir, it's entirely scientific. My former master, Prince Ouratieff, made use of it quite often with immediate results.

CHARLES. You have the ingredients?

MIKAIL. The cook will help me find them, sir.

CHARLES. You're sure it's harmless?

MIKAIL. Utterly, sir.

CHARLES. Then go ahead and mix it. It won't do any good.

MIKAIL. Excuse me, sir—have you got a shotgun?

CHARLES. Why—yes—but what in God's name—? (MIKAIL *goes out.* TATIANA *comes in swiftly and without knocking. Furiously)* Can't you knock?

TATIANA. *(Turns)* Knock what, sir?

CHARLES. At the door! You're not supposed to come bursting into rooms without giving warning—

TATIANA. But I did give warning, sir. I scratched.

CHARLES. Do you always scratch?

TATIANA. *(Gets fur wrap out of closet)* Always, sir. The Grand Duchess objected to knocking. It

frightened her. It meant only one thing to her—Bolsheviks! And the Grand Duchess—

CHARLES. If you'll pardon me for saying so, my girl—I'm pretty damned tired of the Grand Duchess and her peculiar ways. In fact, I'm beginning to understand why they *had* a revolution in Russia.

TATIANA. *(Flaming)* There would have been no revolution if it hadn't been for bankers!

CHARLES. How dare you speak to me in that way? You're an insubordinate, ill-bred, foreign—

TATIANA. *(Passionately)* I know it, sir! I know it! And I deserve the punishment you're going to give me.

CHARLES. Punishment? I'm not going to do anything more than tell you to leave—

TATIANA. What am I? *(Kneels)* A housemaid—a servant—a slave—nothing! And when Russia was Russia, a servant who talked back to her master was whipped, and lifted by her ears and dipped into ice-cold water.

CHARLES. *(Conciliatory)* They went too far in Russia—in every way. We don't do any of those things here—

TATIANA. *(Forcefully)* You must do them! *(Grabs his legs)* The master is the master! *(With disgust)* And the servant is the servant.

CHARLES. Please let go of my legs.

TATIANA. We receive money and food, and if we answer back, you must strike us, or God will!

CHARLES. *(Deeply embarrassed)* Come, my girl, all this isn't so very serious. I have no intention of lifting you by your ears.

TATIANA. Then you forgive me, sir?

CHARLES. *(Gently)* Yes, but please get up. *(He lifts her up.)*

TATIANA. And you will give me the kiss of reconciliation?

CHARLES. *(Starting)* What?

TATIANA. When the master forgives, he gives the servant the kiss of reconciliation—on the brow. *(She lifts her face to him.)*

CHARLES. *(Backs to chair)* I see— *(Hesitating)* Well—

TATIANA. Does it disgust you, sir?

CHARLES. No— Well, not exactly. *(He places a perfunctory and haughty kiss upon her forehead.)*

TATIANA. Thank you, sir. *(She starts to go.)*

CHARLES. *(Struck by an idea)* Tina!

TATINA. Sir?

CHARLES. Suppose your husband offended me. Would I—would *he* offer me his brow to be kissed?

TATIANA. Oh, no, sir— *(Quietly)* When one forgives a man, it is upon the mouth! *(She goes out.* CHARLES *hears something, and turns toward the door.* MIKAIL *enters. He carries a silver tray; upon it, a claret glass full to the brim of a liquid which looks like water.)*

CHARLES. *(Furiously)* Oh, you scratch too! You can't knock, I suppose?

MIKAIL. *(With respectful confusion)* I'm very sorry, sir. *(Coming up to* CHARLES*)* Have I offended you, sir?

CHARLES. *(Drawing back)* No, no, my friend. *(*MIKAIL *offers* CHARLES *the glass)* What is that? *(Looking at it)* Is it water?

MIKAIL. *(Respectfully)* Oh, no, sir. *(Offering the glass)* It is a recipe, sir. There is no record of a headache that could resist it. His Imperial Majesty himself—

CHARLES. All right, all right. *(Holding the glass, with skepticism)* Has it a nasty taste?

MIKAIL. No, sir. As it goes down one can detect no taste whatever.

CHARLES. You're sure there's nothing harmful—?

MIKAIL. *(With deferent authority)* I know, sir, that if I have misrepresented the facts in any way

the penalty for me will be a ghastly lingering death, with red hot bayonets in my eyeballs and—

CHARLES. Never mind. I believe you. *(Puts glass to his lips.)*

MIKAIL. Do not breathe, sir. Drink it off in one gulp. (CHARLES *takes his courage in both hands, raises the glass to his lips and gulps it down. A pause. He has a terrible spasm, such as one imagines a condemned man having in an electric chair. Then he becomes totally motionless, paralyzed.* MIKAIL *watches him with serenity)* Do you see anything, sir?

CHARLES. Butterflies.

MIKAIL. They will pass, sir.

CHARLES. *(Puts glass on tray)* What's in that infernal stuff? *(Takes out cigarette case.)*

MIKAIL. Pure gin—with twenty drops of ether, a hundred grains of salt and a hundred and fifty grains of gunpowder.

CHARLES. Gunpowder!

MIKAIL. Yes, sir!—I took the liberty of opening one of your cartridges. *(Lights match.)*

CHARLES. Gunpowder! *(Looks at cigarette)* Good God! If I light a cigarette will I explode?

MIKAIL. No, sir—*(Lights cigarette)* the powder is damp. And—may I inquire after your headache, sir?

CHARLES. *(Remembering it)* Headache? It—it seems to have gone.

MIKAIL. It never fails, sir. Now—if you will permit me. *(He undoes* CHARLES'S *necktie and starts to retie it.)*

CHARLES. Are all Russians mad?

MIKAIL. Oh, yes, sir—quite. *(He hurls himself at the dressing-table and returns with a hairbrush. He brushes* CHARLES'S *temples caressingly. Returns brush and then smooths* CHARLES'S *forehead with his palms)* Wonderful, isn't it, sir?

CHARLES. Yes! What's wonderful?

MIKAIL. The sensation in one's head just after the ache has moved out. *(He hurries into* CHARLES's *room.)*

CHARLES. Yes, I suppose it is. (MIKAIL *returns with dinner jacket; puts it on. "Permit me, sir," takes out handkerchief, folds it, replaces it)* You know—Michel—

MIKAIL. Yes, sir?

CHARLES. I'm beginning to think that you'll do.

MIKAIL. Thank you, sir.

CHARLES. In fact—I think you're going to please me very much.

MIKAIL. Oh, sir, you're a man of God. *(Leans over and imprints a kiss on* CHARLES's *shoulder.)*

CHARLES. *(Startled)* Hey! What are you doing?

MIKAIL. *(Simply)* The kiss on the shoulder, sir. The kiss of gratitude.

CHARLES. You people seem to have spent your entire lives *kissing* each other.

MIKAIL. *(With deep melancholy)* No, sir. We didn't always have cause for gratitude! (MIKAIL *brings hand mirror; holds it up before* CHARLES.*)*

CHARLES. Well—I'll be a lot happier if you'll leave kissing out of your daily duties while you're here—you and your wife, too.

MIKAIL. Have I annoyed you, sir?

CHARLES. No, my friend,—no. (FERNANDE *comes in.)*

MIKAIL. Very good, sir.

FERNANDE. Oh—Charles—I must tell you—Tina says the Russians have a most marvelous cure for headache.

CHARLES. I know about it. It's similar to blasting. (*Catches* MIKAIL's *eye.* MIKAIL *bows; exits.)*

FERNANDE. What do you think of him? (*A knock at the door.)*

CHARLES. I don't know what I think.

FERNANDE. Come in. (TATIANA *comes in carrying handbag. She looks at* CHARLES *as much as to say, "Was that better?" Taps door post.)*

TATIANA. *(Picks up wrap and puts down bag on dressing-table)* Your wrap, madame. *(Puts wrap on* FERNANDE.*)*

FERNANDE. Thank you. Good night, Tina. I hope you find your room comfortable.

TATIANA. Thank you, madame. Michel and I will wait up for you. *(Hands* FERNANDE *bag.)*

CHARLES. Come along—or we'll be late.

FERNANDE. Very well.

TATIANA. *(Holding the door open)* Good evening, madame. (FERNANDE *goes out)* Good evening, sir.

CHARLES. *(Pause. Looks off after* FERNANDE*)* Er—good evening. *(He smiles benignly. He goes out.* TITIANA *blows a kiss after them and shuts door.)*

TATIANA. Mikail! Mikail!

MIKAIL. *(Off stage)* Coming, Tina! *(He comes in)* Well?

TATIANA. I say—God be praised!

MIKAIL. I join you in devout gratitude! Especially for the bed!

TATIANA. What bed?

MIKAIL. In our room. Didn't you notice it? It is magnificent!

TATIANA. No. I was looking out of the window, at the view. Mikail, we can see the cross on the orthodox church. We can see Russia! *(She kneels in the Center of the stage.)*

MIKAIL. *(Goes and kneels by her)* Ah—my darling—that man didn't exaggerate. It is Paradise!

TATIANA. If we have to leave this place, I shall die.

MIKAIL. And I with you. *(He takes her in his arms.)*

TATIANA. These Duponts are people of God.

MIKAIL. And so is Louise, the cook. I had a whiff of the chicken she's cooking for us.

TATIANA. Oh, it can't be chicken!

MIKAIL. Chicken! Later, we'll teach her to cook it as they do in Kiev. We'll be good servants, won't we, Tatiana?

TATIANA. There will be none to compare with us in the whole land of France. We have been blessed with a home—at last—after all these long years—A bed of our own—and a window that looks upon Russia. We will be worthy of such blessings!

MIKAIL. My sainted love. *(He kisses her.* GEORGE *enters, carrying fencing foils, masks, gloves.)*

GEORGE. Oh! Am I disturbing you?

MIKAIL. *(Blithely)* Not at all, sir.

TATIANA. Of course not, sir.

MIKAIL. Are there any orders, sir?

GEORGE. I want you to clean these épées. What is your name again?

MIKAIL. Michel, sir.

GEORGE. Clean off the rust with paraffin. And wipe up these gloves and masks, too.

MIKAIL. Yes, sir.

GEORGE. I am using them tonight.

MIKAIL. *(Takes them; puts gloves and masks on chair. Examines foils)* If you will allow me, sir, I will change the points d'arrêt, these are badly blunted.

GEORGE. All right, change them. I am fencing with an Italian who goes at it like a bull!

MIKAIL. Oh, that cannot worry you, sir.

GEORGE. Why?

MIKAIL. You have a good reach. *(Takes arm)* Evade the blade rather than engage it.

GEORGE. You fence?

MIKAIL. I've played at it, sir. Does your opponent keep his point in line?

GEORGE. No.

MIKAIL. Then I should not try to bind the blade too often, sir, or you'll be hit.

GEORGE. How?

MIKAIL. May I show you, sir? *(Hands foil to* GEORGE *and takes one himself.* TATIANA *places the spare foil on desk. They salute.* MIKAIL *hits* GEORGE.)

GEORGE. I wasn't ready. *(Takes position)* Start again.

MIKAIL. You had better put on your mask, sir. (TATIANA *gives it to* GEORGE.)

GEORGE. *(Has put mask on)* All right, come on. *(Whips air with foil; lunges.)*

MIKAIL. Yes! *(Puts his mask on. They fence.* GEORGE *is hit again)* That's what I mean, sir. (GEORGE, *annoyed, takes off his coat.* TATIANA *takes it; puts it on window seat. Both men put on gloves.)*

GEORGE. On guard, Michel. *(They start to fence.* GEORGE *is hit on right wrist)* Touché.

TATIANA. Oh, please, Michel, let Monsieur George hit you once.

GEORGE. I don't want any favors; go and get the cocktails.

TATIANA. Yes, sir.

GEORGE. On guard, Michel!

MIKAIL. At your service, sir. *(They fence.* MIKAIL *forces* GEORGE *to retreat.* HELENE *enters with a guitar.)*

HELENE. George, have you gone crazy?

GEORGE. Shut up! He's a marvel! Come on, Michel.

MIKAIL. Very good, sir. *(They continue fencing* MIKAIL *knocks* GEORGE's *sword out of his hand and, pulling chair out to Center, says:)* Would you care to sit down, mademoiselle?

HELENE. *(Flabbergasted)* Thank you. (MIKAIL *picks up the foil and returns it to* GEORGE.*)*

GEORGE. On guard. (TATIANA *enters with cocktails on trolley.* MIKAIL *hits* GEORGE *again.)*

MIKAIL. I've told you before, sir, about binding the blade.

HELENE. That is enough. I want you to tune this guitar. *(Holds out guitar.)*

GEORGE. Tune it yourself. I'm busy! On guard!

TATIANA. *(Pushing forward)* Permit me, mademoiselle. *(She takes the guitar and starts to tune it.)*

GEORGE. *(Excitedly, as they fence)* Have you mixed the cocktails, Tina?

TATIANA. Yes, Monsieur George. *(She sits and starts singing "Ochi Chorniya.")*

HELENE. Is that a Russian tune?

TATIANA. Yes, mademoiselle. "Black Eyes." (HELENE *gazes at* TATIANA. MIKAIL *and* GEORGE *continue to fence.)*

GEORGE. Pour out the cocktails, Tina.

HELENE. No—go on playing. I'll pour them. (MIKAIL *and* GEORGE *are fencing furiously.* HELENE *shakes the cocktails and then pours them)* Will you have one, George?

GEORGE. Yes.

MIKAIL. Keep your guard up, sir. *(He hits him.)*

GEORGE. Another hit! You're a genius! On guard, Michel.

MIKAIL. Very good, sir. (HELENE *brings two cocktails to desk.)*

GEORGE. *(Pauses before taking up stance)* Will you have a cocktail, Michel?

MIKAIL. I should love one, sir.

GEORGE. Three cocktails, Helene.

MIKAIL. And perhaps one for my dear wife, Monsieur George?

GEORGE. Four cocktails, Helene! *(They start to fence.)*

MIKAIL. That's better, sir. That's much better! *(They are fencing rapidly.* TATIANA *picks up the rhythm of their clashing foils in her singing and playing.* HELENE *is happily pouring cocktails.)*

CURTAIN

## ACT TWO

### Scene I

*Several weeks later. It is 7.45 in the evening. The* Duponts' *large drawing-room. It is expensively, stodgily empire.*

*A large door at the back leads into the hall, another door at the Right to the bedrooms, and a third door at the Left to the dining-room.*

Helene *is seated with a Russian dictionary in her hand.* George *is sitting on a table.*

Helene. And what's the Russian word for "Sir"?

George. Gospadin.

Helene. "Friend"?

George. Droug.

Helene. "Cigarette"?

George. Papirosha.

Helene. "Brother"?

George. Brat.

Helene. "Comrade"?

George. *(Pronouncing it wrongly)* Tovarich!

Helene. *(Dreamily and more correctly)* No! Tovarich!

George. *(Repeating it correctly)* Tovarich!

Helene. *(Still dreamily)* Tovarich Mikail!

George. They hate to be called that; it's the word the Bolsheviks use.

Helene. It's a lovely word, Tovarich—Comrade. *(Looking at dictionary)* "It doesn't matter"?

GEORGE. What?

HELENE. "It doesn't matter"; you know, "don't worry."

GEORGE. Oh, nitchevo, nitchevo.

HELENE. "To love"?

GEORGE. Loubitz.

HELENE. "I love you"?

GEORGE. Ia wass loublou. (HELENE *closes the book.)* Is that all?

HELENE. For today, yes.

GEORGE. What time is it?

HELENE. Half past seven. And we want to be well out of here before those stuffy guests arrive for dinner.

GEORGE. We'll be out of here, all right. I'll tell you—we'll have dinner at the Kasbek—some vodka, caviar, bortsch, and chicken culets Kiev. And then we'll go to the Russian Ballet and be back here in time to pick up Michel and Tina. It'll be great, won't it?

HELENE. Absolutely marvelous. We'll see what a real Russian party is like.

GEORGE. Personally, I'd rather stay at home with them, in the kitchen, playing poker. *(Turns away dreamily.)*

HELENE. How much did you lose last night?

GEORGE. Oh, nothing. A little over two thousand. But it's worth it. Just to watch her hands when she's shuffling the cards.

HELENE. What is the matter with you?

GEORGE. Oh, nothing. *(He pulls himself together and, with his hands in his pockets, goes toward the window, singing "The Volga Boat Song.")*

HELENE. Shut up! (MIKAIL *enters. He closes the door and goes toward the dining-room door.)*

GEORGE. *(Calling him)* Oh! Michel!

MIKAIL. *(Approaching him respectfully)* Monsieur George?

ACT II

See page 81

GEORGE. *(Who has taken out his pocketbook)* Prompt payment— *(He holds out two 1000-franc notes.)*

MIKAIL. *(Smiling and refusing the notes)* But I assure you, sir, that—

GEORGE. *(Cutting him short)* Be quiet! It's a debt of honor to the most graceful poker player in France. *(Bows.)*

MIKAIL. *(Takes money. Seriously)* But may I suggest to you, sir, that you should not play so high?

GEORGE. You shouldn't complain. You and Tina win all the time.

MIKAIL. Exactly, sir. It's becoming embarrassing.

HELENE. *(Interrupting)* Michel?

MIKAIL. Yes, mademoiselle.

HELENE. Where are you taking us tonight?

MIKAIL. *(Smiling)* You expressed a wish to see a Russian fête. Tonight we celebrate our New Year, although perhaps "celebrate" isn't quite the right word. It might be better to say that we lament it. All the homesick émigres in Paris will be there. There'll be a great deal of exquisite sobbing. I hope that it will amuse you.

HELENE. I do hope Father and Mother will finish their stupid dinner early so that you'll be able to get away in time for the party.

MIKAIL. Don't worry, mademoiselle. Our party will last all night.

GEORGE. What do we wear—native dress?

MIKAIL. Oh, sir—a white tie will be quite in order. But—with your permission—I must set the table for dinner.

HELENE. *(Rushes after him)* Oh, Michel, I'll help you. And we'll have a drink of vodka together. (MIKAIL *exits.)*

GEORGE. Don't forget, Helene. The right way to

say it is "Ia wass loublou." *(She goes out. The hall door opens and* TATIANA *enters. She holds in her arms a huge vase full of flowers.)*

GEORGE. *(Rushes to her)* Tina—please let me help you. *(He runs to her and takes the vase of flowers almost violently in his tender indignation at seeing her carry such a burden.)*

TATIANA. Thank you, Monsieur George.

GEORGE. Where does it go?

TATIANA. On the table here— (GEORGE *carries the vase to the table.* TATIANA *follows him and arranges the flowers in the vase)* You are kind, Monsieur George.

GEORGE. *(Soberly)* Kind! What does that mean? Kind! *(Passionately)* Don't you understand?

TATIANA. *(Still arranging the flowers)* Dear little Monsieur George! What do I *not* understand?

GEORGE. Leave those flowers. *(With energy)* Tina! Ia wass loublou.

TATIANA. *(Drawing away her hands violently)* Oh! You mustn't say it like that!

GEORGE. But I mean it! Tina! *(He repeats ecstatically)* Ia wass loublou. Ia wass loublou. Ia wass loublou.

TATIANA. *(Gently)* No. *(Correcting the pronunciation)* Ia wass loublou—like that. The way you say it, it sounds like "little sick dog."

GEORGE. *(Impetuously)* I love you!

TATIANA. And it's right that you should. The master must love the servant! And the servant the master! I love you, too, Monsieur George.

GEORGE. Oh! But don't you see?—I love you passionately. Can't you understand that? Passionately! Wildly! It's the first time in my entire life that I've known what it is—I mean—to feel *real* love!

TATIANA. *(Tenderly)* Monsieur George—you are a dear little delightful boy—but you must not have wicked thoughts.

GEORGE. *(Turns away)* Is love wicked? Is there anything wrong or unnatural about—

TATIANA. *(Softly)* Yes! Because if you love me, you want to sleep with me!

GEORGE. *(Perishing the thought)* Oh—no!

TATIANA. Oh—yes! You couldn't have any other idea in declaring your passion for me, a housemaid.

GEORGE. You are not like any other housemaid that ever lived.

TATIANA. No—I'm superior—I realize that. But it isn't right for a beautiful, distinguished young man like you to think like that about even the best housemaid. You know it isn't!

GEORGE. I know that I am only happy at night, when Mother and Father have gone to bed, and Helene and I go to the kitchen, on tiptoe—and when you sing, and deal the cards with those exquisite little hands— *(Takes her hands.)*

TATIANA. And Michel pours out the vodka. *(Removes her hands from his)* Don't forget Michel! He cleans your boots and brushes your clothes and teaches you fencing—

GEORGE. That's his job!

TATIANA. But it is not his job to be a deceived husband!

GEORGE. Tina! I have money. I can make you as happy as a princess.

TATIANA. *(Gently)* A princess! I only want to be as happy as a housemaid.

GEORGE. Haven't you any ambition?

TATIANA. Oh, yes, Monsieur George. To be a good and faithful servant.

GEORGE. Tina! Have you ever been unfaithful to Michel?

TATIANA. Never! Once I was violated—

GEORGE. Tina!

TATIANA. *(With supreme detachment)* By one of the Bolsheviks.

GEORGE. *(Furious)* The swine!

TATIANA. Oh—no. Not a swine. He was just a man who happened to have the advantage. It was the usual thing at the time— It didn't matter.

GEORGE. You can stand there and say that—

TATIANA. Yes, little Monsieur George—I can stand here and say it didn't matter. And I can say that you're a nice, darling boy— *(All of a sudden she kisses him very quickly on the mouth.)*

GEORGE. *(In ecstasy)* Tina!

TATIANA. And you mustn't think about me any more.

GEORGE. Tina!

TATIANA. Because this kind of foolishness bores me—it bores me very much indeed. (CHARLES *comes in.)*

GEORGE. Tina! I won't stand for it. I tell you—I won't stand for it!

CHARLES. Won't stand for what?

GEORGE. *(Flustered)* I was—I—

TATIANA. Monsieur George was displeased with the way I made the Martini cocktails last night.

CHARLES. *(Glaring at* GEORGE*)* Oh—*was* he?

TATIANA. Yes, sir—it seems I stupidly used the wrong vermouth. I'm very sorry, Monsieur George.

CHARLES. A most natural mistake. But I must tell you something, young man: if I ever again hear you addressing Tina in that rude, offensive tone of voice —well—you're almost grown up now so I may not thrash you as you deserve, but I can find other ways to make life extremely unpleasant for you.

TATIANA. Oh, sir—it was all my fault.

GEORGE. *(Angrily to* CHARLES*)* It was nothing of the kind! I—

CHARLES. I don't care to hear any more from you. Now—kindly leave the room.

GEORGE. *(After a moment)* Very well. Very well—I shall kindly leave the room. *(He bows to* TATIANA *and stalks out.)*

CHARLES. *(With fervent sincerity)* I regret very much that this has happened.

TATIANA. You must not blame him, sir. He's such a sweet little boy!

CHARLES. I do blame him—and myself—for having allowed such bad manners to develop in my son. Come here, Tina.

TATIANA. Yes, sir?

CHARLES. I want you to forgive me.

TATIANA. Of course, sir—but there's really nothing to—

CHARLES. No—you must forgive me—in the Russian way—the kiss on the brow.

TATIANA. *(With a slight smile)* All right, sir—*(She kisses him.)*

CHARLES. *(He takes her hands and kisses them)* You have the most extraordinary eyes, Tina. Melting, that's what they are—melting.

TATIANA. *(With a slight smile)* All right, sir. (MIKAIL *enters)* That's enough, sir—the ceremony is over. (ALL *bow.)*

MIKAIL. Excuse me, sir. Will you dress for dinner, tonight, sir?

CHARLES. No—not this evening. I—I suppose you're wondering why I was kissing your wife's hands.

MIKAIL. I should certainly not permit myself to wonder anything of the sort, sir.

CHARLES. I—I was apologizing in the Russian way.

MIKAIL. Naturally, sir. Do you wish to use the blue glasses or the Bohemian glasses for the Moselle, sir?

CHARLES. Whichever you like, my friend.

MIKAIL. *(Going to the door and calling through)* The blue glasses, Mademoiselle Helene.

HELENE. *(Off stage)* Very well, Michel.

CHARLES. Is my daughter laying the table?

MIKAIL. Yes, sir. She expressed a wish to do so.

CHARLES. God bless my soul! (FERNANDE *comes in.)*

FERNANDE. Michel—you're to serve the cocktails —and Tina, my dear, you serve the Sakouska. The concierge will be at the door—he'll do the announcing.

TATIANA. Yes, madame.

MIKAIL. Very good, madame. *(They start to go.)*

FERNANDE. *(To* CHARLES*)* Have you spoken to them about our guest of honor? Wait a moment. (MIKAIL *and* TATIANA *pause and turn.)*

CHARLES. I was about to mention that. *(He turns to them with some embarrassment)* Madame and I appreciate the fact that your sympathies are with the cause of White Russia.

MIKAIL. Yes, sir?

CHARLES. Naturally, we understand you—your devotion to your former employers—the prince and princess—

TATIANA. And may God keep them!

CHARLES. And we sympathize with that devotion. But—there are bound to be times when differences of political opinion are apt to prove embarrassing—and this dinner tonight is such an occasion. I mean to say—this may be a somewhat painful experience for you.

FERNANDE. For heaven's sake, Charles, come to the point. Our guest of honor tonight is a representative of the Soviet Government, Commissar Gorotchenko. *(Complete silence from* MIKAIL *and* TATIANA. *Pause.)*

CHARLES. You've doubtless heard of him?

MIKAIL. *(In a dull tone)* Yes, sir. We have heard of Commissar Gorotchenko.

FERNANDE. We want to be sure that your behavior during dinner will give us no cause for anxiety.

MIKAIL. Has our behavior ever given such cause, madame?

CHARLES. Of course not! Never!

FERNANDE. No!

MIKAIL. Then tonight will be no different.

FERNANDE. I've never met this Gorotchenko, but I suppose he's pretty much of a boor. However, he is our guest and we must do everything we can to put him at his ease.

MIKAIL. He is a most cultivated man, madame, with a very lively wit. A bit malicious, perhaps—but keen. It was he who composed that immortal sentence which was engraved on the door of the Loubianka Prison. "Four walls for punishment are three too many."

CHARLES. He's never done you any personal harm, has he?

MIKAIL. *(Slowly)* None, sir.

TATIANA. Less than none, sir.

CHARLES. Well, then, we can all forget the past. Gorotchenko is now representing the Soviet oil interests, and oil, as we all know, is most effective in —in—smoothing out— (MIKAIL *helping* CHARLES *out of his embarrassment.)*

MIKAIL. He was not always in oil, sir. General Gorotchenko was chief of the Investigating staff at the Tcheka. At that time, my former master, Prince Ouratieff, had some dealings with him.

CHARLES. Really!

MIKAIL. Yes, sir. The conversation between them wasn't progressing as smoothly as Gorotchenko wished—so—to enliven matters—he placed the end of his cigarette—the lighted end, of course, between

Prince Ouratieff's fingers. You'll find him very interesting, sir.

FERNANDE. How horrible!

TATIANA. Oh, madame, you also will find him very entertaining. When he was Commissar of the Fort of Kronstadt, the Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna was imprisoned there. I've heard her speak of him often. Women always found him irresistible.

CHARLES. You mean he—he made—?

TATIANA. *(Levelly)* Advances—yes, sir.

FERNANDE. But he must be an appalling person!

CHARLES. Nonsense! Michel and Tina have only heard of him from people with a very prejudiced point of view.

FERNANDE. But I hope you're not going to think about these dreadful things when you're serving the soup?

TATIANA. *(Soberly)* Madame, we shall think only that we're your servants and that we must be worthy of your trust.

MIKAIL. And now—if madame will excuse us.

FERNANDE. Certainly. You can get the cocktails ready. (MIKAIL *and* TATIANA *go out)* Were there ever such treasures?

CHARLES. Never!

FERNANDE. But I wish that Gorotchenko weren't coming. It will be such an ordeal for them.

CHARLES. Nevertheless we'll have to be nice to him, Fernande, because, whatever outrages he may have committed, he exudes an odor which is very sweet.

FERNANDE. *(Fixing flowers)* Odor?

CHARLES. Yes. He reeks of petrol—those vast, rich, undeveloped Bakoura fields with millions and billions just waiting to be taken out. We must play our cards cleverly tonight. Gorotchenko should sit at your right; Chauffourier at your left, and at my right that Madame Van Hemert.

FERNANDE. Is she, too, perfumed with petrol?

CHARLES. Ah—yes. In a more refined form, of course.

FERNANDE. This house will smell like a garage.

CHARLES. Madame Van Hemert represents the Anglo-Dutch interests; as Monsieur Chauffourier represents France and I represent—myself. If all works out as I hope, we'll be swimming in petrol—liquid gold. There's a fortune involved, my dear. But of course—everything depends on Gorotchenko.

FERNANDE. Oh, Charles, shouldn't you, at least, be wearing a dinner jacket? *(A bell is heard.)*

CHARLES. Oh, no! Chauffourier told me expressly not to dress. You know how the Bolsheviks feel about our bourgeois customs—

CONCIERGE. *(Off stage)* What name, Madame?

VAN HEMERT. *(Off stage)* Madame Van Hemert.

FERNANDE. Get up. They're here. (CHARLES *rises.* FERNANDE *braces herself. The door opens up and the* CONCIERGE *appears.)*

CONCIERGE. *(Announcing)* Madame Van Hemert! (MADAME VAN HEMERT *comes in. She is thin, hard, sharp, rather chic, well-preserved.)*

FERNANDE. *(Cordially)* How do you do. I'm Madame Dupont.

VAN HEMERT. How do you do?

FERNANDE. Permit me to present my husband.

CHARLES. My dear madame—you do us honor.

VAN HEMERT. You must forgive me—but I'm invariably the first to arrive.

CHARLES. How charming of you!

FERNANDE. Do sit down.

VAN HEMERT. Thank you. *(There is an awkward silence.)*

FERNANDE. Have you met Commissar Gorotchenko before?

VAN HEMERT. Oh, yes—at Teheran—and once or twice in London, and of course in Moscow.

CHARLES. You've traveled far.

VAN HEMERT. *(Levelly)* Yes, Monsieur Dupont. I'm a sort of Vestal Virgin.

CHARLES. Oh!

VAN HEMERT. I am one of those whose duty it is to keep the lamps of the world filled with oil. It necessitates a great deal of travel.

FERNANDE. And a great deal of diplomacy?

VAN HEMERT. Not so much diplomacy as—relentlessness.

CHARLES. You Hollanders are a remarkable people.

VAN HEMERT. We've had to be.

FERNANDE. And Gorotchenko—what is he like? I confess I'm a little nervous.

VAN HEMERT. Don't worry, madame. He can be agreeable enough when he's in the right mood.

CHARLES. And when he's in the wrong mood?

VAN HEMERT. He has the grace to keep ominously quiet. *(The door opens and* TATIANA *comes in.)*

TATIANA. Excuse me, madame.

FERNANDE. Yes, Tina?

VAN HEMERT. Oh!

TATIANA. Shall we serve—the cocktails?

VAN HEMERT. Her Imperial Highness. *(She sinks in the deep ceremonial curtsey.* FERNANDE *and* CHARLES *gaze at her in amazement.)*

TATIANA. No—no! Please don't do that—please don't— *(She turns and hurries out.* VAN HEMERT *follows.)*

FERNANDE. What on earth—

CHARLES. I beg your pardon, madame, but just why did you do that?

VAN HEMERT. Why is *she* here?

CHARLES. That's our housemaid. She's a Russian.

FERNANDE. We have two of them—man and wife.

VAN HEMERT. Your servant!

CHARLES. Why, yes, her name is Tina.

VAN HEMERT. Tina! That is the former Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna.

FERNANDE. The—

CHARLES No—no—

FERNANDE. You're mistaken.

CHARLES. She was employed by the Grand Duchess.

VAN HEMERT. She *is* the Grand Duchess! *(Turns to* FERNANDE*)* I knew her well in Petersburg.

FERNANDE. I tell you—that's our housemaid. There may be a resemblance. *(*VAN HEMERT *laughs heartily.* FERNANDE *and* CHARLES *look at each other with mounting horror.)*

VAN HEMERT. Forgive me—I shouldn't be laughing—but—I really can't help it. Your housemaid!

FERNANDE. But she had a reference from the Grand Duchess. *(She and* CHARLES *look at each other.* VAN HEMERT *is still laughing.)*

CHARLES. You know, she might have written it herself!

VAN HEMERT. And is her husband, Prince Ouratieff, here too?

CHARLES. Prince Ouratieff! Great God! I suppose that's Michel.

FERNANDE. Are you sure about this?

VAN HEMERT. I promise you, Madame Dupont, I couldn't possibly be mistaken. How long have they been with you?

FERNANDE. Two months. They've made fools of us! Do you realize what it will mean?

CHARLES. Realize! Twenty years from now all Paris will still be laughing at us. *(The* CONCIERGE *comes in.)*

CONCIERGE. Monsieur and Madame Chauffourier-Dubieff. *(They come in. General greetings.* FERNANDE *shakes hands with* CHAUFFOURIER.*)*

MADAME CHAUFFOURIER. *(As she shakes hands with* FERNANDE*)* Good evening, Fernande.

FERNANDE. Good evening, my dear.

CHAUFFOURIER. It's turning rather cold.

FERNANDE. Really? It's been quite warm indoors.

MADAME CHAUFFOURIER. There's a north wind that feels like Siberia—

CHARLES. I hate the sound of that word.

CHAUFFOURIER. *(To* VAN HEMERT*)* Well, madame, you seem very gay this evening! Good news from the East Indies? (MIKAIL *comes in)* Why—bless my soul! What a delightful surprise! *(Shakes hands with* MIKAIL*)* I had no idea Your Excellency was to be here.

FERNANDE. *(To* CHARLES*)* Excellency?

CHAUFFOURIER. But you're wearing evening clothes. That's an excellent joke on our friend Gorotchenko.

MIKAIL. *(Trying to escape)* If you will—

CHAUFFOURIER. *(Stopping him)* You're dining here with us?

MIKAIL. Sir, I am dining here—but not at the same time. *(To* FERNANDE*)* May I serve the cocktails, madame?

FERNANDE. *(Dully)* Yes. You may serve the cocktails.

MIKAIL. Thank you, madame. *(He goes out.)*

CHAUFFOURIER. *(Wondering)* It *is* a joke, isn't it?

VAN HEMERT. *(Laughs)* The best joke in years!

MADAME CHAUFFOURIER. Are you going to explain it now—or must we wait?

CHARLES. It makes no difference when we explain it. Tomorrow—it will be in every newspaper.

FERNANDE. And Gorotchenko! Why, they'll be at each other's throats? *(Imploringly to her guests)* I'm terribly sorry— *(Turns to* MADAME CHAUFFOURIER*)* but—would you mind if we dine at a restaurant?

VAN HEMERT. Not at all.

CHAUFFOURIER. But why? With Prince Ouratieff on hand, the situation is ideal. We might persuade him to join the combine. He might agree to finance the whole scheme.

CHARLES. Him—finance us?

CHAUFFOURIER. Why not? As a Russian, he'd appreciate the value of the oil concession.

CHARLES. But—forgive me, Governor—I'm a little bewildered.

CHAUFFOURIER. You evidently don't know that Ouratieff is probably the only man living who can write his check on the Bank of France for four billion francs—

CHARLES. Four billion—

CHAUFFOURIER. Yes—and have it honored. So—when you've finished your little joke, whatever it is, we'd better sit down with His Excellency and talk business.

CHARLES. Yes.

CONCIERGE. *(Entering)* Commissar Gorotchenko. (FERNANDE *rises.* GOROTCHENKO *comes in. He is strongly built, with a humorous, saturnine expression—a cultivated barbarian with keen perceptivity and a great appreciation of life. He is wearing a tail coat and white tie.)*

GOROTCHENKO. *(To* FERNANDE*)* My respects, madame. And Monsieur Dupont, I believe.

CHARLES. Yes—er—how do you do, Commissar?

GOROTCHENKO. Very well, thank you. And my dear Madame Van Hemert—

VAN HEMERT. My dear Commissar.

GOROTCHENKO. Madame Chauffourier—my dear Governor—

CHAUFFOURIER. *(Heartily)* Gorotchenko, old man—how are you?

GOROTCHENKO. *(Looking about)* A most distinguished gathering! I am already ill at ease.

VAN HEMERT. You'll know how distinguished it *really* is when you see who *else* is here.

GOROTCHENKO. Then there are other guests? Thank heaven, I'm not the last.

CHARLES. There are others—yes—but not exactly guests. (MIKAIL *enters with cocktails, serves* VAN HEMERT, *then* MADAME CHAUFFOURIER, *then* FERNANDE, *as he goes to serve* CHARLES, *who goes to take one, thinks better of it, refuses.)*

GOROTCHENKO. *(To* CHAUFFOURIER *as* MIKAIL *goes to* CHARLES*)* And how is the new state loan progressing, my dear Governor?

CHAUFFOURIER. I'm rather sorry you mentioned that, Commissar. But we are always optimistic. (MIKAIL *serves* GOROTCHENKO. TATIANA *enters with sandwiches.)*

GOROTCHENKO. *(To* MIKAIL*)* Thank you. *(To* FERNANDE*)* Your— *(Sees* TATIANA, *breaks off, then:)* your very good health, madame.

FERNANDE. Thank you. (MIKAIL *has served* CHAUFFOURIER, *takes tray to table, stands at attention as* TATIANA *reaches* MADAME CHAUFFOURIER.)

CHARLES. Ah—Madame Chauffourier tells us that it has turned quite cold.

GOROTCHENKO. I suppose it has. Though it seems comparatively tropical to us Russians. (TATIANA *serves him)* Thank you. (TATIANA *serves* CHAUFFOURIER.)

VAN HEMERT. I was in Moscow once when it was positively hot.

FERNANDE. Really?

VAN HEMERT. Oh, yes—there were thousands of people bathing in the river, all stark naked.

CHAUFFOURIER. Hm?

CHARLES. How amusing!

GOROTCHENKO. We make them wear bathing suits now. Oh, yes—we've turned very moral.

MADAME CHAUFFOURIER. But I'm eternally sorry I never saw Russia in the old days.

GOROTCHENKO. Yes, I must confess—there are some aspects of the old régime that we miss in the Soviet Union. *(He takes out a cigarette.* MIKAIL *steps down with matches.)*

MIKAIL. Permit me, Commissar. *(Lights* GOROTCHENKO'S *cigarette, then goes out.)*

GOROTCHENKO. Thank you. But what a charming room this is, madame. Isn't it a replica of the Hotel de Landuzy?

FERNANDE. Why, yes—it is. Did you know the Hotel de Landuzy?

GOROTCHENKO. I am an old Parisian, madame. For three years I was a dishwasher in the Quai de Bourbon.

FERNANDE. A dishwasher! How very interesting.

GOROTCHENKO. Yes—literally. I washed dishes. That was when I was studying for my philosophical degree.

CHARLES. In addition to everything else, you're a Doctor of Philosophy?

GOROTCHENKO. That was a long time ago, Monsieur Dupont. I'm afraid I've forgotten most of it now.

CHAUFFOURIER. *(Chuckling)* Yes—you've passed on from pure theory to impure fact.

GOROTCHENKO. *(Laughing)* That's it, my dear Governor. I was captivated by Plato's concept of the Perfect State. Where every man has the brain of Socrates in the body of Adonis, and every woman —but I'm sure you ladies have already achieved the Platonic ideal.

VAN HEMERT. *(To* FERNANDE*)* He's poisonous, isn't he? He'll make communists of us all.

CHAUFFOURIER. You've explained a great deal, Commissar. You learned about the Perfect State and then went home to Russia and built it.

GOROTCHENKO. No—when I returned to Russia, I was careful to leave my idealism behind. That was a bad time for idealists, you know. A few of them escaped into Finland, but the majority were submerged in rivers of blood.

MADAME CHAUFFOURIER. How shocking!

CHAUFFOURIER. And how necessary! That's the one point on which Capitalism and Communism agree: the idealists must be drowned.

GOROTCHENKO. The Governor is a realist. You know, Plato himself likened all of us to prisoners, chained in a cave. Behind us, a fire is burning—and we're forced to contemplate our own shadows, magnified horribly on the wall. We're terrified of them. They awaken in us race memories, and we shrink from them as though they were prehistoric monsters. It's the duty of the philosopher to break the chains, and escape from the cave into the world of clear reality. And that is what we have tried to do in the Soviet Union. You may feel that we have failed. But, in any case, we have provided a fascinating chapter of history for the dishwashers of the future. (MADAME CHAUFFOURIER *gives a nervous little laugh)* But I'm afraid I've become much too talkative, madame. Do forgive me. It's a Russian failing.

CHAUFFOURIER. No—Commissar. I'm sure we've all greatly enjoyed your—little lecture. *(Enter* MIKAIL.*)*

MIKAIL. Dinner is served, madame.

CHARLES. *(Relieved)* Ah—dinner!

FERNANDE. Shall we go in?

VAN HEMERT. By all means. *(To* GOROTCHENKO*)* We will discuss Plato—and Petrol. (ALL *rise.)*

FERNANDE. Charles! (CHARLES *takes* MADAME CHAUFFOURIER'S *arm and exits.)*

CHAUFFOURIER. *(Takes* VAN HEMERT'S *arm)* That's what we bankers have needed in the past

years—some lessons in philosophy. May I have the honor? *(Exits with* VAN HEMERT.*)*

GOROTCHENKO. *(To* FERNANDE*)* You know—it's a very bad thing for a communist to dine in a French house. A shamefully corrupting influence!

FERNANDE. You're in a good mood, Commissar.

GOROTCHENKO. Why not, madame? I'm not often privileged to enjoy such charming company. (GOROTCHENKO *and* FERNANDE *exit.)*

VAN HEMERT. *(Off stage)* Ah, we're charming now, Commissar. But wait until we get down to business. *(The voices of the guests die away.* MIKAIL *crosses to* TATIANA; *puts his arm around her. Then he goes to door; stands at attention.)*

MIKAIL. After you, Highness. (TATIANA *exits with her head held high.* MIKAIL *follows her.)*

## CURTAIN

## SCENE II

*Kitchen of the* DUPONTS' *house.*

*Three hours later.*

MIKAIL, TATIANA *and* LOUISE *are seated at table, having finished their dinner.* TATIANA *is holding out her coffee glass.*

TATIANA. Some more coffee, please.

LOUISE. That's three glasses for you. You know, you won't sleep.

TATIANA. You're right, Louise. I shall not sleep.

LOUISE. *(Smiling)* What's the matter, my dears? Didn't the dinner go off well?

MIKAIL. *(Vaguely)* Oh, yes, it went off well.

LOUISE. They didn't eat much.

MIKAIL. No—there seemed to be a general loss

of appetite. Except for Gorotchenko. He ate a great deal of everything. A masterly display of imperviousness to embarrassment.

LOUISE. Gorotchenko? What's he—another Russian?

MIKAIL. He was born a Russian.

LOUISE. It must be nice for you to see one of your own people.

TATIANA. What did you say?

LOUISE. I said—it must be nice for you to see one of your own people.

TATIANA. Mikail! Make her be quiet.

LOUISE. Mother of God! What's wrong with her?

MIKAIL. Forgive us, Louise! We're both a bit upset.

LOUISE. But why—what is it?

MIKAIL. Simply this, Louise. The time has come for us to set out for new fields of endeavor.

LOUISE. And what do you mean by *that?*

MIKAIL. I mean that we have been fired.

LOUISE. When?

MIKAIL. Tonight. After dinner. Madame informed us ever so elegantly that the usual notice would be dispensed with. We receive our wages and depart in the morning.

LOUISE. Well, all I can say is, I'm very, very sorry. We've got along well together, the three of us. (TATIANA *rises; pats* LOUISE; *puts on apron; goes to sink.)*

MIKAIL. Well, it has to happen to all of us sooner or later. Dismissal and death. But at least I shall serve the lemonade in the drawing-room at eleven o'clock as I was ordered. They shall not deprive me of that final privilege.

LOUISE. It's a shame, and I certainly don't know what she's complaining about. *I'd* say you two have done more than enough!

MIKAIL. And you have been very kind to us. You

will always be remembered by Her Highness and me with loving gratitude.

LOUISE. Her Highness, eh! (LOUISE *laughs)* Is that one of your Russian jokes?

MIKAIL. No, Louise. *That* one was grimly serious.

LOUISE. *(To* TATIANA*)* Are you a Highness?

TATIANA. Imperial! *(Starts to clear table.)*

LOUISE. And what does that make you, Michel?

MIKAIL. No more than her consort, Louise. A paltry prince. It must be something of a shock to you to learn the kind of people who have been your associates, and friends. *(Rises; puts on apron.)*

LOUISE. Oh, no. *(Rises and puts butter dish in refrigerator)* Princes and Highnesses have to live somewhere, like other people. They may as well live here as anywhere else.

TATIANA. *(Clearing the table)* Godly woman! You understand things.

MIKAIL. If only you could convey some of your liberality to our employers.

LOUISE. So that's why they're sending you away, eh? Because you deceived them into thinking you're common—like they are. *(Gets milk bottles from floor and puts them on cupboard.)*

MIKAIL. *(With emotion)* Yes! But it isn't the first time we've had to suffer for the misfortune of exalted birth. *(He hands* TATIANA *another dish. She inspects it and thrusts it back at him.)*

TATIANA. Wash it again!

MIKAIL. Isn't it clean?

TATIANA. *(Pointing to a blemish)* Look at that!

MIKAIL. Oh—yes. I thought it was part of the design. (LOUISE *laughs and takes napkin from cupboard in refrigerator.)*

TATIANA. If Madame Dupont caught you being as careless as that— Oh! for the moment I'd forgotten.

MIKAIL. *(His arm around* TATIANA*)* My beauti-

ful love. There is no tragedy great enough to break your magnificent spirit—is there?

TATIANA. Go on with the dishes.

LOUISE. What will you do now? *(Taking pitcher of lemonade from refrigerator, putting it on tray on top of refrigerator and covering all with napkin.)*

MIKAIL. Starve—with quiet dignity.

LOUISE. Why don't you just get rid of those silly titles?

TATIANA. By the blessed St. Christopher! If I dropped dead this instant, I'd still be a Grand Duchess. My soul would be flapping about in heaven with wings a lot longer than the other angels.

MIKAIL. And you'd still be flying into trouble.

LOUISE. Don't you want to leave?

TATIANA *and* MIKAIL. No! No! Never.

LOUISE. Then don't.

MIKAIL. But what can we do? Chain ourselves to the sink?

LOUISE. Why don't you join the Union?

MIKAIL. What union?

LOUISE. Of domestic workers. Or don't you want to go on doing this kind of work?

MIKAIL. We never want to do anything else. We're not *fitted* for anything else.

TATIANA. What will this union do for us?

LOUISE. It will protect you from this very thing—I mean, being dismissed for no good reason. Now listen—if your employers say or do anything you don't like, you'll only have to go to the Union and lodge a protest. And then the Union will send an official round to the house—and those officials use the front door, not the back door, believe me—and he'll say a few things to Monsieur and Madame—and the next thing you know, they'll be apologizing to you, and raising your wages, and putting a radio

in your room. (LOUISE *takes off apron; hangs it on hook; puts on shawl.)*

MIKAIL. But that—that sounds like Bolshevism.

LOUISE. Call it anything you please, Michel. It makes life a lot easier for the likes of us. Can I help you with any of that work?

TATIANA. *(Pushes chairs in)* No, thanks, darling. We want to do all of it ourselves. It's our last chance.

LOUISE. Well—good night, my dears. And good luck.

MIKAIL. Good night, Louise.

TATIANA. *(Kisses her)* Good night, daughter of God. (LOUISE *lumbers out.)*

MIKAIL. Hideous china, isn't it? And yet—I love it. I shall miss it very, very sorely. *(They are back at sink, washing.)*

TATIANA. Do you realize that in two months—nearly nine weeks—we haven't broken any of it?

MIKAIL. Not so much as a chip. *(With a deep sigh)* Never in all our lives before have we ever done anything so well. (MIKAIL *washing plates.* TATIANA *drying plates.)*

TATIANA. God must know that we've been good servants! Surely He'll find us another place.

MIKAIL. Surely He will! But—don't you think we should join that Union?

TATIANA. It's useless. Wherever we go—here in France—they'll know all about us.

MIKAIL. How much money have we?

TATIANA. I have eleven francs. I spent all the rest on that dress for tonight.

MIKAIL. I have two thousand. Two thousand and fifty—

TATIANA. Eh!!

MIKAIL. From Monsieur George. What a miserable poker player he is.

TATIANA. He's in love!

MIKAIL. I know—

TATIANA. With me.

MIKAIL. Yes—and so am I. But I don't allow it to interfere with my technique at poker.

TATIANA. Is two thousand francs enough to take us to South America?

MIKAIL. I don't know. Why South America?

TATIANA. That's where people seem to go, when they're desperate. What language do they speak there?

MIKAIL. Spanish—or Portuguese—or something. There was a South American gigolo at the Kasbek once. He didn't speak much of anything. He just murmured. (TATIANA *has gone to the table to clear off the remains of their meal.)*

TATIANA. Poor little coffee pot. Forlorn—and empty. Like our lives.

MIKAIL. Ah—my darling! How can we go to that party with these two young monkeys? How can we pretend to be gay when we've lost bread and bed and central heating?

TATIANA. Oh, we've promised, Mikail. The Grand Duke Alexei would never forgive us. He saved up for two years to give this party. And everyone else there will have no more reason for rejoicing than we have. And then poor little Monsieur George. He has been very good to us.

MIKAIL. The amorous puppy!

TATIANA. And Mademoiselle Helene—she's been good to us, too—and—*(With a malicious smile)* for the same reason. We mustn't disappoint them.

MIKAIL. Very well, Tatiana—we'll go. We'll make the last gruesome pretense.

TATIANA. *(Puts her arms about him)* My poor, tragic pigeon. You weren't nearly so depressed when they burned down our palace at Orlovskai—and destroyed all your beautiful horses in the stable and the Rembrandts in the library.

MIKAIL. That was in Russia, Tatiana.

TATIANA. And you laughed when they arrested us, and put us in prison, and we were so certain we were going to die—

MIKAIL. That, too, was in Russia, Tatiana.

TATIANA. Well—and where are we now?

MIKAIL. In the kitchen of a French banker named Dupont.

TATIANA. No! It's *our* kitchen, Mikail. Breathe the air, my darling. It smells of onions and coal gas and brown soap—but when you breathe it in, it becomes the air of Russia—cold and clean. Wherever we may go, it will be the same. In our lungs, and our eyes, and our hearts will be Russia. *(Clinging to him)* Mishenka—

MIKAIL. Tanouska.

TATIANA. *(With joyful energy)* Nitchevo!

MIKAIL. *(*MIKAIL *lets himself be won over)* Nitchevo!

TATIANA. *(Repeating it louder)* Nitchevo!

MIKAIL. *(Repeating)* Yes, Tatiana. Nitchevo! (TATIANA *laughs with a full-throated laugh.)*

TATIANA. Nitchevo—nitchevo—nitchevo—

MIKAIL. (MIKAIL *is restored to gayety)* Nitchevo —nitchevo—nitchevo— (TATIANNA *kisses* MIKAIL. MIKAIL *takes off apron; hangs it up; puts on coat.)*

TATIANA. *(Quite simply)* Go and put away monsieur's clothes. I will finish the washing-up.

MIKAIL. Very well, Tina.

TATIANA. And—tonight I'll have a talk with Kokovstev.

MIKAIL. Why Kokovstev?

TATIANA. He works for one of those travel bureaus. He'll be able to tell us how much it costs to go to South America. And what language they speak.

MIKAIL. Perhaps they all just murmur. *(He goes out.* TATIANA *goes to window; pulls up blind; sees*

*church; crosses herself. She then wipes table with cloth; puts a cloth on table. She puts knives and forks on cloth; covers them with another cloth; gets dustpan and brush; kneels beside table. The pantry door opens softly and* GOROTCHENKO *appears. For a moment he stands there, watching her admiringly.)*

GOROTCHENKO. May I come in?

TATIANA. *(Rises sharply)* Oh! *(She puts dustpan and brush away under table)* What have you come here for? The silver?

GOROTCHENKO. *(Smiling)* I came to see His Excellency, your husband.

TATIANA. The butler? He has work to do—important work.

GOROTCHENKO. Then perhaps I may wait for him. *(He looks around)* You keep your kitchen in most admirable order.

TATIANA. *(Turning on him again)* Who gave you permission to come in here?

GOROTCHENKO. No one, madame. I just walked in through the dining-room. The others are in the drawing-room, muttering prayers to the great god Petrol. They have some sort of agreement they want me to sign. But I—I asked for time to think it over in solitude.

TATIANA. In the kitchen?

GOROTCHENKO. They think I'm in the study. But they're too tactful to disturb me. People in oil are always tactful.

TATIANA. Why do you want to do your thinking here? Will it help you to see how I wash the dishes?

GOROTCHENKO. I'm sure you do it with flawless grace.

TATIANA. *(Polishing a plate by sink)* You should know. I was given many lessons in dishwashing when I was under your command in the Kronstadt.

GOROTCHENKO. That was a rigorous school, madame.

TATIANA. Yes. Those who broke dishes were shot.

GOROTCHENKO. Dishes were difficult to replace in those days. We have our own factories now. We can afford to be a little more lenient. Do you mind if I smoke?

TATIANA. No—Commissar. I don't mind. As long as you remain sitting down. (GOROTCHENKO *lights cigarette which he takes from his case)* Have you forgotten our last encounter? *(She is looking levelly at him)* You were sitting behind your enormous desk, smoking a cigarette, just as you are now. Then you stood up, and walked around the desk, put down your cigarette and took hold of my wrist.

GOROTCHENKO. I see no reason to refer to that, madame. It was something that happened in another world, a very long time ago.

TATIANA. Oh—I hold no grudge, Gorotchenko.

GOROTCHENKO. I'm sure you don't.

TATIANA. But I'd like to have you know that when I get back I shall have your eyes burned out and the sockets filled with Siberian salt.

GOROTCHENKO. If you do come back, madame, the most horrible retribution you can think of will be no more than I deserve, because I was guilty of the most unpardonable of crimes.

TATIANA. It does me no good to hear you admit it.

GOROTCHENKO. I was guilty of sentimentality.

TATIANA. *(Laughing)* Sentimentality! That's a rather quaint way of describing it, Commissar.

GOROTCHENKO. I was referring to the moment of weakness when I permitted you to go off in that motor boat, through the darkness.

TATIANA. You knew that the motor boat was there?

GOROTCHENKO. Yes, madame— The man who took you was shot, but not until after he had delivered you safely in Finland.

TATIANA. You killed that godly man?

GOROTCHENKO. Somebody had to be punished for your escape. Had it not been he, it would have been the governor of the prison. The revolution was young then—and I was not quite ready to die.

TATIANA. Why did you let me go?

GOROTCHENKO. There was something in you that impelled me to neglect my obvious duty. I suppose that something can best be described as gallantry—And furthermore—I could not rid myself of the belief that your usefulness to Russia had not ended.

TATIANA. *(Turning from him)* Please leave me to do my work in peace—and go back and drink brandy with the bourgeoisie.

GOROTCHENKO. Go on with your work, madame. I shall wait here for your husband. If you'll allow me.

TATIANA. And if I don't allow you?

GOROTCHENKO. I shall still wait—though not comfortably.

TATIANA. *(Polishing a plate)* After I have your eyes burned out, Gorotchenko, I'll make you crawl on your hands and knees out of St. Petersburg—

GOROTCHENKO. *(Softly)* Leningrad.

TATIANA. From St. Petersburg to Moscow. You'll have a horse's carcass tied around your neck to chew on when you're hungry.

GOROTCHENKO. *(Smiling)* I shall be at your command, madame. *(He rises)* I wonder if I could help you with your work—

TATIANA. Don't you dare to touch—

GOROTCHENKO. I was a good dishwasher once.

TATIANA. This is not the Quai de Bourbon. Keep your hands off my china. (MIKAIL *enters.)*

MIKAIL. And what are you doing in our kitchen?

GOROTCHENKO. I explained to madame that I'm deep in thought.

MIKAIL. Take your evil thoughts elsewhere. They pollute the atmosphere.

TATIANA. Pick him up with the coal tongs, Mikail, and throw him out.

GOROTCHENKO. No—I should consider that inhospitable in the extreme.

MIKAIL. Monsieur and Madame Dupont invited you here for reasons best known to themselves. You can therefore expect hospitality in the drawing-room; here in the kitchen we're more particular in the selection of our guests.

GOROTCHENKO. As you should be, General. But it is my recollection that once madame was a Grand Duchess of Russia.

TATIANA. I am always a Grand Duchess.

GOROTCHENKO. Exactly. And I'm sure you haven't forgotten that in any house which is graced with your presence—it makes no difference who owns the place or who pays the rent, etiquette decrees that you are the hostess. I am, therefore, madame, your guest.

TATIANA. The dog is right, Mikail. Sit down!

MIKAIL. Very well. You may remain—*(Starts to put on apron)*—and derive what enjoyment you can from the spectacle of your former commanding officer cleaning his master's boots.

GOROTCHENKO. I did not come here for enjoyment, General Prince Ouratieff. I should like to ask you a question.

MIKAIL. Another interrogation, Commissar? Remember I am now under the benevolent protection of the Republic of France.

GOROTCHENKO. What is your last memory as a cavalry general of the guard, aide-de-camp to Nicholas Romanoff?

MIKAIL. My last memory? I'm afraid I've forgotten it.

GOROTCHENKO. I should like to know about the

day when, for the last time, you drew your sword and charged with your three thousand Cossacks.

MIKAIL. *(Polishing shoes)* There were not three thousand on that day, Commissar. There were three hundred. The rest had put red bands on their sleeves and deserted. It was the Austrians who were three thousand. But we charged, anyway. And we routed them. The next day the command was taken from me. It was given to a student of chemistry. That day it was two hundred Austrians who routed twenty thousand Russians.

GOROTCHENKO. I've always regretted that I was not with you in your last battle, General. It must have been a splendid sight. You see, I had a very real admiration for you. You were always an object of awe and envy to me, when we were together in the Cavaler Gardsky regiment. Probably you have forgotten those days, but they remain all too clear in my memory.

MIKAIL. I have not forgotten those days, Gorotchenko. You were thoroughly objectionable even then.

GOROTCHENKO. Yes, I was. I was too conscious of inferiority. That was what made me drink too much vodka at the regimental banquet in the presence of the Tsar. A grievous offense—and their punishment was properly harsh. I was cashiered. It seems strange now, doesn't it?—to think that if I hadn't been so nervous that night, and drunk too much vodka so quickly—I should never have gone to Paris to study philosophy, and to read the writings of Karl Marx.

MIKAIL. Commissar, I cannot speak for my beloved wife, but for myself I can say that I find the story of your life profoundly and appallingly dull.

TATIANA. Speak for me, too, my pigeon.

MIKAIL. My wife, too.

GOROTCHENKO. You surprise me, General. I have

found my life most exciting—sometimes excessively so. The present moment, for instance, is fraught with possibilities.

MIKAIL. Such as—that I might forget myself long enough to do you some bodily injury? You needn't be afraid, Gorotchenko; I'm busy!

GOROTCHENKO. I am not thinking of the situation that prevails here in the kitchen—but of that other one which awaits me in the bourgeois drawing-room. General Prince Ouratieff—I want you to do me a slight favor.

MIKAIL. Yes, Commissar.

GOROTCHENKO. When I say slight—I mean it will cost you very little in the way of effort, and nothing in the way of money.

MIKAIL. You have only to ask a favor, Commissar, and it will be refused.

GOROTCHENKO. I want you to write me a check for four billion francs. *(There is a considerable, pregnant silence.)*

TATIANA. Is that why you came into our kitchen for a mere matter of four billion francs?

GOROTCHENKO. Yes, madame. It is why I suggested that this meeting be held in this house. I wanted to speak to you before I signed their agreement.

MIKAIL. How did you know we were here?

GOROTCKENKO. I have been careful not to lose sight of you, General. You may remember that just before you took this place you had an interview with one of my agents—a stupid, violent little girl. You sent me a message, through her, urging me to call on you in person. I have done so.

MIKAIL. We acknowledge the visit, Commissar. And now it is time to take in the lemonade.

GOROTCHENKO. But first you'll sign the check. It won't take a moment. General Ouratieff—for two hours I have been closeted in there with Chauffour-

ier-Dubieff of the Bank of France, and Madame Van Hemert, whose name is Anglo-Dutch oil, and Dupont, who represents United Petrol. Can you imagine why they are so cordial to me, a despised Bolshevik? They want me to sign the transfer of the Bakoura and Petropolsk oil fields for the next fifty years.

MIKAIL. And will you sign?

GOROTCHENKO. I've been fighting to avoid it. For it would mean fifty years of English, Dutch, French and Americans—digging Russian soil, capitalizing Russian resources, drawing life blood from the veins of our country.

MIKAIL. *(Calmly)* Keep up the fight, Commissar. Don't sign.

GOROTCHENKO. *(Sadly)* I'm afraid I must, General. For I have been commissioned to find credits in gold for the Soviets of the Ukraine and the Ural, for the manufacture of tractors. If I don't find that money, and at once, some five million wretched peasants will starve to death—without mentioning those we shall have to shoot so that they won't make a fuss about it. When I asked you for your last memory as a general, I wanted to remind you that more than the sword can be wielded in behalf of Russia. There is another weapon—money.

MIKAIL. I have no money.

GOROTCHENKO. You have four billion francs.

MIKAIL. That is not mine.

GOROTCHENKO. It was given to you, unconditionally, by Nicholas Romanoff.

TATIANA. It was given him by the Tsar! *(She crosses herself.)*

GOROTCHENKO. Yes, madame. That was in the year 1917, but now—

MIKAIL. You needn't continue, Gorotchenko. I have refused that money to all the scavengers who

have tried to take it from me. And I was not saving it for you.

GOROTCHENKO. I know, General. I know all about the offer of Count Brekenski to equip an army of Latvians and Lithuanians to invade the Soviet Union. That would have been a tragic farce. But it is not a farce to give Bakoura and Petropolsk into the hands of foreigners.

MIKAIL. Don't worry, Gorotchenko. When the time comes, we shall take them back again.

TATIANA. Who did you say these people are—who want you to sign?

GOROTCHENKO. It is a combination of interests, Madame—French, Dutch, American, English.

MIKAIL. I don't care who they are! I have held on to that money as I have held on to my immortal soul. I have even denied it to myself.

GOROTCHENKO. No one has questioned your integrity, Prince Ouratieff.

MIKAIL. And don't think you can flatter it out of me.

GOROTCHENKO. I should not so far insult your intelligence.

MIKAIL. You wouldn't hesitate to do anything, Gorotchenko. Once you even tried to torture me.

GOROTCHENKO. I know, General. My conduct was then both unworthy and unwise. But now our relative positions are very different.

MIKAIL. Nothing is different.

GOROTCHENKO. Very well, General. But—I wish I could take you now into the Tsar's room at Tsarkoe Selo.

TATIANA. It is still there?

GOROTCHENKO. Intact, madame. Largely through my own efforts, if I may say so. It has been preserved precisely as it was.

TATIANA. Is my photograph still there?

GOROTCHENKO. Yes, madame.

TATIANA. In a white dress, with a high collar and ruffles?

GOROTCHENKO. Yes, madame. And—it pains me to say it—you now have a mustache.

TATIANA. Oh!

GOROTCHENKO. Supplied by a barbarous visitor.

TATIANA. Oh!

GOROTCHENKO. He was condemned to ten years' penal servitude.

TATIANA. For lès-majesté?

GOROTCHENKO. For—damaging the workers' property. *(He turns to* MIKAIL*)* Do you remember in that room, on the wall, behind the Tsar's desk, a big map of all the Russias?

MIKAIL. Yes. I remember the map.

GOROTCHENKO. At the bottom of it, to the right, are marked Bakoura and Petropolsk. Of all the undeveloped oil fields on earth—they are the richest. If I sign that agreement with the foreigners—a part of that map will have to be torn away.

MIKAIL. Then, don't sign!

GOROTCHENKO. The peasants must have tractors.

MIKAIL. *(Resisting desperately)* But not from me. I received that money from the Tsar.

GOROTCHENKO. And who was the Tsar, General?

MIKAIL. He was beyond your degraded comprehension.

GOROTCHENKO. *(To* TATIANA*)* I ask it of you, madame. Who was the Tsar?

TATIANA. He was Russia!

GOROTCHENKO. *(Gravely)* Yes—he was Russia. And therefore—he is not dead.

MIKAIL. *(Suddenly, to* TATIANA*)* I can tell you —the day will come when we can strike back. And —on that day—no foreigner will be allowed to remain in possession of one square centimeter of our soil—

TATIANA. No, no, pigeon, you are wrong. We

may take back that which belongs to France, or to America. But no one has ever taken back anything from England.

MIKAIL. *(He stares at her)* Tatiana, you want me to sign?

TATIANA. Yes, Mikail— *(She drops plate, which breaks)* Look, I've broken a plate.

MIKAIL. The first one. (BOTH *stoop to pick up the pieces. He turns to* GOROTCHENKO *as he puts piece on cupboard*) You may tell Chauffourier and the others that Bakoura and Petropolsk are no longer for sale.

GOROTCHENKO. *(He betrays no emotion whatever)* I shall deliver your message, General.

MIKAIL. Wait! You're forgetting your four billion francs. Where are the pen and ink, darling?

TATIANA. I think Louise has put them in the cupboard with the onions!

GOROTCHENKO. The check can wait, General. We can meet again tomorrow.

MIKAIL. We may meet again some time, Commissar. God arranges many improbable encounters. But I doubt that it will be so soon as tomorrow— *(Takes check book from drawer.)*

TATIANA. Here they are— *(She brings the pen and ink from cupboard.)*

MIKAIL. Why does she keep them with the onions?

TATIANA. The eggs are in the same cupboard, and she likes to mark the date on each egg.

MIKAIL. *(Sniffing the pen)* It stinks.

TATIANA. Darling—

MIKAIL. You loved him, didn't you? And understood him? *(She nods.)* He wouldn't have let Bakoura and Petropolsk go, would he? Even at the cost of his throne—his life?

TATIANA. No! He wouldn't have let them go. Never!

MIKAIL. Then I am doing right?

TATIANA. From the depths of his grave, he sees you, and says that you are fulfilling his trust. From the very height of the skies he is reaching down, to guide your hand.

MIKAIL. But—my darling—you're crying. Tatiana! Why are you crying?

TATIANA. It is the onions. I swear it is. They always make me cry.

MIKAIL. It's all we have left of what *he* gave us.

TATIANA. We have the sword, and the flag, and the ikon, Mikail—and ourselves.

MIKAIL. Ourselves! The best interests of my sovereign. Yes, I can keep for the Tsar that which was the Tsar's. *(Starts to write)* January 12th. *(Turns to* GOROTCHENKO*)* What is your Christian name?

GOROTCHENKO. Dmitri.

MIKAIL. *(Writing)* Dmitri Gorotchenko—one of the most heartless, soulless, ruthless blackguards that ever desecrated the God-formed surface of this earth. I have made this out "Balance of Account"—now I must sign. Mikail Alexandrovitch Ouratieff. The first check and the last—I have no more use for this. *(He takes the check book to the stove and drops it in.)*

TATIANA. *(To* GOROTCHENKO*)* To whom will this this check be given?

GOROTCHENKO. It will be deposited in Paris to the credit of the Soviet Government.

TATIANA. *(Imperiously)* You will inform the Soviet Government that it is tendered in the name of the Tsar.

GOROTCHENKO. Your husband's signature itself will carry that message.

TATIANA. *(Drops check on table)* Then—that is understood.

GOROTCHENKO. *(Picks up the check)* Tatiana

Petrovna Romanova—Mikail Androvitch Ouratieff —the flag of the Romanoffs no longer flies over Soviet territories. But I shall arrange with the Central Committee that it shall be affixed twice into the map in the room that once was the Tsar's. It shall mark the spot that is Bakoura and the spot that is Petropolsk.

TATIANA. And those flags will be protected from vandals?

GOROTCHENKO. Yes, madame. I know you have scant respect for my honor—but such as it is, it is dedicated to the fulfillment of this promise. And, by way of thanks, I can only say—

MIKAIL. By way of thanks, you can say nothing, Commissar.

GOROTCHENKO. If either of you should wish to return to Russia—

TATIANA. The only Russia we will ever know is with us now.

GOROTCHENKO. I think I understand, madame. I can be sure it's well guarded.

MIKAIL. I'm not so sure that you do understand, Commissar. You and your comrades are just a little bit too smug—too snobbish—to understand. We are the Russia of yesterday. You are the Russia of today. But I seriously suspect that none of us will have a logical place in the Russia of tomorrow. And now I'm late with the lemonade.

GOROTCHENKO. If you will excuse me, I shall rejoin them.

MIKAIL. No! Please wait here a little longer. I prefer to serve the lemonade in peace; I don't want additional black looks at me because I've deprived them of their precious petrol. *(A pause.* TATIANA *remains motionless—*GOROTCHENKO *also. Then* GOROTCHENKO *makes a movement to take the penholder from the table.)*

TATIANA. *(Imperiously)* Leave that alone. *(Quietly)* It belongs to the cook.

GOROTCHENKO. *(Putting it in his pocket)* Not now—it is ours—Russia's.

TATIANA. *(Gently, almost sadly)* Very well, take it, Commissar of pigs.

GOROTCHENKO. *(Tenderly)* When you send me crawling on that journey to Moscow—from St. Petersburg—I shall be thinking, every metre of the way, of you, of him, and the devotion that has survived in you. *(He takes two steps towards the pantry door and suddenly* TATIANA *runs after him.)*

TATIANA. *(Impetuously)* Gorotchenko!

GOROTCHENKO. Madame!

TATIANA. You won't fail to have the two flags of the Tsar fixed on to the map?

GOROTCHENKO. I shall not fail.

TATIANA. Then—could you also have the mustache removed from my picture?

GOROTCHENKO. *(Thoughtfully)* Well, that will entail a certain amount of red tape. But it is a promise.

TATIANA. Thank you. That is all. *(He looks at her intently for a moment.)*

GOROTCHENKO. Goodbye, Imperial Highness.

TATIANA. *(Slowly)* Goodbye, Tovarich!

GOROTCHENKO. *(Goes quickly to* TATIANA *and kisses her shoulder. He reaches the door and, on the threshold, gravely and very magnificently)* Goodbye, Russia! *(He goes out. Alone,* TATIANA *stares at the empty space a moment. Then slowly sinks into chair. At this moment the pantry door opens brusquely and* GEORGE *comes in. He is in evening dress.)*

GEORGE. Tina—Tina— We are ready. Did the dinner go off well?

TATIANA. Very well, Monsieur George. Very well, indeed.

GEORGE. Tina—all evening long I haven't been able to think of anything but you—I've wanted so desperately to hold you in my arms—

TATIANA. *(Frowning)* Monsieur George!

GEORGE. Yes, Tina!

TATIANA. *(In a far-off voice, absently, without even looking at* GEORGE, *and with an indefinable sadness, a sad smile)* It is not the moment, Monsieur George.

GEORGE. *(Groaning)* Oh, it never seems to be the moment with you!

TATIANA. *(Lost in thought)* Sometimes it is.

GEORGE. Will you let me know when that moment arrives?

TATIANA. *(Still deep in thought)* Yes—I shall let you know—

GEORGE. Good— Then we are comrades?

TATIANA. *(Jumping)* What?

GEORGE. *(Laughing)* We're comrades! Tovarich! (HELENE *comes in.)*

TATIANA. *(Slowly)* Tovarich!

HELENE. Tovarich? I thought you hated that word?

TATIANA. *(Slowly)* No, Mademoiselle, I don't hate anything. I must dress. *(She goes out.)*

GEORGE. Helene, get out the vodka. Tonight—It's the New Year, the real Russian New Year. We're going to forget that we're dreary bourgeois —we'll forget that we had the bad luck to be born outside Russia. We must make them think we're actually as gay, and mad, and charming as they are.

HELENE. Ia Doushka. *(She pours out the vodka.)*

GEORGE. Tatiachka!

HELENE. Mishka!

GEORGE. Ia wass loublou.

HELENE. Nitchevo. *(They pick up their glasses and link arms.)*

GEORGE. A life for the Tsar!

HELENE. A life for the Tsar! *(They drink and then they start to sing a Russian song.* MIKAIL *comes in with the tray. He looks at them with a rather wistful smile.)*

MIKAIL. Well done! Well done!

GEORGE. Now we must break the glasses.

MIKAIL. *(Quickly)* No—no—please. They'll be taken from our wages. Put them down gently, monsieur and mademoiselle.

HELENE. But we'll break glasses at the party, won't we?

MIKAIL. You may break everything there, mademoiselle—windows, lamps, musical instruments, and possibly a few hearts. Where is Tina?

GEORGE. She has gone to dress.

MIKAIL. If you'll permit me—I shall make a few slight changes in my attire.

HELENE. Permission is graciously granted, Mikail. *(She, with mock pomp, holds out her hand and* MIKAIL *kisses it.)*

MIKAIL. Thank you, mademoiselle. (MIKAIL *goes out.)*

GEORGE. If you don't mind awfully, Mikail—tonight at the party—I wish you wouldn't tell any of your friends that we're foreigners. Let's pretend for once that we're *real* Russians!

HELENE. Oh, yes, Mikail, couldn't you say we're your long-lost cousins or something? (MIKAIL *returns, wearing a white waistcoat.)*

MIKAIL. Of course, it will be as you wish. But—I don't think it will work.

HELENE. Can't we even pretend?

MIKAIL. There are essential racial differences, mademoiselle. *(He sits down at the kitchen table; starts to put on a large number of medals and decorations.)*

GEORGE. I know. We're congenitally dull.

MIKAIL. It isn't that, monsieur. The trouble is—

we're congenitally savage. That's what makes us the fools that we are. Sentimental barbarians! You can't emulate that. You have within you too great an accumulation of common sense. Your civilization goes back too far—all the way to Romulus and Remus, I suppose. We've had only two hundred years of the blessings of culture. And that isn't enough. We may wear the same clothes that you do, and read the same books, and know which fork to use at dinner—and be superficially presentable. But our souls are still roaming the steppes, wildly—baying with the wolves at the moon.

HELENE. Ah, Michel, when I hear you talk like that I wish—

MIKAIL. When you hear me talk like that, mademoiselle, you may be sure that I, too, am listening, enraptured, to the sound of my own voice.

GEORGE. *(Startled)* The Legion of Honor? Where did all those decorations come from?

MIKAIL. From a pawnbroker's, Monsieur George.

HELENE. But you'll look magnificent!

MIKAIL. That is my intention, mademoiselle. There never yet has been a savage who didn't love to dress up!

GEORGE. And what is that one with the purple ribbon?

MIKAIL. The Order of St. Christopher. It is awarded for supreme valor.

HELENE. Oh!

MIKAIL. It cost me three francs twenty-five. (CHARLES *comes in. He is surprised and annoyed to see the children.)*

CHARLES. Isn't this a rather strange hour for you two to be in the kitchen?

HELENE. *(Boldly)* We're waiting for Michel and Tina. (CHARLES *looks at the decorations.)*

CHARLES. I see. You've resumed your identity

already, eh? *(To* GEORGE *and* HELENE*)* I want you two to leave.

GEORGE. Michel and Tina are taking us to a Russian fête, and we'll wait here until they're ready to go.

CHARLES. You don't say so! You're mingling in rather high society this evening.

GEORGE. *(Angrily)* Look here, Father. Even if Michel and Tina are servants, they can have as much dignity as anyone else. A damned sight more than we have—if you ask me.

CHARLES. Well—I shall not ask you. Get out. *(He turns to* MIKAIL*)* I want a few words with you.

MIKAIL. Very good, sir. *(He turns to* GEORGE*)* If you will wait for us below, Monsieur George—

GEORGE. Come on, Helene. I've left my car at the servants' entrance. We'll wait for you there.

HELENE. You won't be long?

MIKAIL. No, mademoiselle. (GEORGE *and* HELENE *exit. To* CHARLES*)* Sir?

CHARLES. I never dreamed that you could do such a cruel thing to me.

MIKAIL. Perhaps some day you will forgive me, sir. But we understand perfectly that you and Madame have every reason to detest us and wish to be rid of us.

CHARLES. No, Prince Ouratieff. Madame and I—

MIKAIL. Sir, to you my name must forever be Michel!

CHARLES. Michel, then. We do not detest you.

MIKAIL. Ah—thank you, sir.

CHARLES. In fact, we—well—we respect and admire you. But where will you go now?

MIKAIL. To South America, sir. To dwell among apes and cobras.

CHARLES. South America, eh! And what will you do there?

MIKAIL. The same sort of work, we hope, sir.

CHARLES. Then—if that is what you wish— *(He is fumbling for the words he wants to utter)* Madame and I have been talking it over. We—we like you—you and Her Highness—

MIKAIL. Tina, sir.

CHARLES. Tina. And we think you like us—

MIKAIL. *(With simple sincerity)* Sir, we love you.

CHARLES. Well, then—if you could forget— (TATIANA *comes in, beautifully dressed.* CHARLES *turns, sees her and bows)* Your Imperial Highness.

MIKAIL. No, sir—no—please. You were saying—?

CHARLES. Well, I was about to say—if you are determined to continue with this sort of work, then why not continue with it here—?

TATIANA. Ah—godly man—you wish us to stay?

CHARLES. Well—that is—I mean, it's for you to say—

MIKAIL. Before all the saints, sir, I swear to you that never by word or deed should we remind you that we have ever been other than Michel and Tina. You may reduce our wages to nothing—you may beat us with whips—you may cancel the every other Sunday we have free, if you wish us to—

CHARLES. *(Nervously)* Very well—*(Turns to* TATIANA*)* very well—then that's settled. (TATIANA *smothers him with kisses)* Now—now, my dear—that's enough of that—for the time being. And—thank you— *(He goes out.)*

TATIANA. We are saved! *Saved*—from South America! *(Pirouetting around stage.)*

MIKAIL. Never have two poor Russians had greater cause for celebration. Come—

TATIANA. Our kitchen! Our dear, darling kitchen! Look, my pigeon—it is snowing! It's so beautiful!

MIKAIL. And so sad!

TATIANA. Yes—everything is so sad, isn't it? Even happiness!

MIKAIL. Especially happiness.

TATIANA. Your eyes are full of tears.

MIKAIL. They're the reflection of yours, Tatiana.

TATIANA. We're fools, aren't we, Mikail?

MIKAIL. Yes, my darling. Fools! Now and forever. Come! *(She breaks away from him. He goes to hold open the door. She goes hastily and picks up two empty milk bottles.)*

TATIANA. If I don't leave these for the milkman, the Russian God won't do it for me. *(She goes out.* MIKAIL *follows.)*

CURTAIN

# TOVARICH

## PRODUCTION NOTES

## DESCRIPTION OF SETS
(As used in the New York production)

### ACT I—SCENE I

There is a recessed window down Right; a door to the outside Right Center in back wall; an arch up Left leading to a smaller room and back door beyond. A chest of drawers, with mirror above it on wall, up Right; a chair Right of Right Center door; a washstand Left of this door, with ikon above it on wall; a messy bed Left below the jog; a bed cupboard below bed; a stove below lower Left jog.

### ACT I—SCENE II

There is a door up Left to FERNANDE'S room; a door Right Center at back to CHARLES' room; a door Center at back which is the main entrance; a window with seat up Left; a closet down Left. A chair in upper Right corner; console tables on either side of Center door; a desk and chair Right Center; a dressing-table and chair Left Center.

### ACT II—SCENE I

There are double doors Right, to bedrooms; a large arch Right Center at back; double doors up

Left, these being the main entrance from the outside; double doors down Left to the dining room. A chair down Left; chair and pedestal up Right; pedestal and bust back of archway, also stools; a small table Left of archway; a pedestal Left of door up Left; a table below door down Left; a table and chair Right Center; a chair Left Center; table Left of it and a settee Left of this table.

## ACT II—SCENE II

There is a door down Right to pantry and upper part of the house; door up Right to MIKAIL and TATIANA'S room; a window Center at back; a door down Left to servants' rooms and to back entrance to the house. A dresser between Right doors; a narrow table upper Right corner; a sink and long cupboard Left of it; a stove against the back wall Left; a refrigerator in wall up Left; a kitchen table Center with chairs and stools about it.

## TOVARICH

## PROPERTY PLOT

### ACT I—SCENE I

*Furniture:*

1 double bed, 1 chest of drawers, 1 washstand, 1 round table, 1 straight chair, 1 elbow chair, 1 bed cupboard, stove, 1 small washstand (off L.).

*On Floor:* All over, old faded and worn carpet.

*At Window:*

Pair of old lace curtains (on window frame). Curtain pole and faded tapestry curtains.

*On Walls:*

Stretching from upstage side of window to R. of door—washing line.

*Over Washstand.* Ikon, with trick candle in red holder (Electrics).

*Over Bed.* Cavalry sword with sword knot and old gold flag with Imperial Russian crest.

*Over Chest of Drawers.* Mirror.

*On down Left jog of wall.* Calendar with November 4, 1925 showing. All in French.

### HAND PROPS AND DRESSING

*On Bed Cupboard:*

2 boot brushes, boot polish, boot buffer, Russian book, Cherry-wood cigarette holder, packet

of French cigarettes, French ash tray, box of matches.

*Under Bed Cupboard:* Monocle (MIKAIL).

*On Double Bed:*

2 sheets, 2 pillows, 1 bolster, 2 blankets, old gold faded silk bedspread.

*Under Pillow:* 100 franc note (MIKAIL).

*On Top of Bed:*

Russian newspaper, black shoe and brush (MIKAIL).

*In Front of Bed on Floor:*

Black shoe (MIKAIL).

*On Washing Stand:*

Basin, jug, towel, soap dish and soap, toothbrush holder, toothbrush, Russian books, ash tray, match box. Enamel jug for flowers (TATIANA). Vodka bottle (¼ full) and 2 glasses (TATIANA).

*On Chair up* R.:

Coat (TATIANA). (See Costume Plot.)

*On Chest of Drawers:*

Canister, oil lamp, ash tray, Russian books, socks.
Hat (TATIANA). (See Costume Plot.)
1 string bag (TATIANA).
Blotter, affixed to it—inkstand, pen, paper, envelope (TATIANA).

*In Top Drawer of Chest:*

Clothes and socks.
Pair of gloves and scarf (TATIANA). (See Costume Plot.)

*On Table* R.C.:

Old tapestry cloth tacked on.
String bag (TATIANA).

*In Drawer of Table:*

2 black-handled steel knives and forks (TATIANA).

*On Clothes Line:*

1 pair socks (MIKAIL).

*Elbow Chair* L. *of Table:*
Springs hanging out. Shoes underneath (TATIANA). (See Costume Plot.)
*At Opening up* L.:
Red tapestry curtains draped on upstage side.

## OFF STAGE PROPS

*In Backing up* L.:
Small washstand, water-tub with water on stand.
Man's shirt (wet) with tails cut off (TATIANA).
*Off Left:*
Red check tablecloth (TATIANA).
Paper napkin (TATIANA).
Piece of brown wrapping paper (TATIANA).
*Off Up Right:*
Hat box containing Communist literature (OLGA).
French newspaper (MARTELLEAU).
String bag containing: (Taken on by TATIANA)
Onions, potatoes, 3 wrapped parcels, 2 heads of lettuce, 4 rolls, pot of caviar.
Bottle of Champagne (TATIANA).
Bunch of flowers wrapped in white oil paper (TATIANA).
2 artichokes (TATIANA).
Paper napkin (TATIANA).

## ACT I—SCENE II

*Furniture:*
1 Dressing table, 1 dressing table chair, 1 elbow chair, 1 straight chair, 2 console tables, 1 desk (all modern).
*On Floor:*
All-over dark brown carpet.

*At Window:*
Cream silk-net curtains. (Window backed with black flannel.)
*On Window Seat:*
Long cushion.
*On Walls:*
Above and below R. door. Modern prints.
*On Backings:*
2 Modern pictures on backings up C. and up R.C.

## HAND PROPS AND DRESSINGS

*On Dressing Table:*
White brush set (lady's), atomizer, jewel box, shoe horn, powder bowl, chromium clock, comb, table lamp (electric), 2 scent bottles, nail file, buttonhook.
*On Each Console Table:*
Vase of blue and white flowers.
*On Writing Desk:*
White desk set. Green cigarette box. White French telephone, dial. Box of matches. Large glass ash tray. Non-safety matches in glass holder.
*In Clothes Closet down* L.:
Several lady's gowns. Fur wrap. (See Costume Plot.)

## HAND PROPS OFF STAGE

*Off* C.:
Sword from Scene 1 (MIKAIL).
Salver with small glass of water (MIKAIL).
Handbag (TATIANA *and* FERNANDE).
Cocktail wagon with fitted top, shaker, and glasses (TATIANA).
3 epees, 2 gloves, 2 masks (GEORGE).
Guitar (HELENE).

*Off Up* R.C.:
Salver with dress shoe and shoe horn (MIKAIL).
Dinner jacket, handkerchief in pocket (MIKAIL).
(NOTE: CHARLES' *own shoe and coat.)*

## ACT II—SCENE I

*Furniture:*
(All Empire) 1 settee, 1 small round table, 2 elbow chairs, 1 large round table, 2 straight chairs, 1 small occasional table, 1 small round pedestal table, 2 pedestals, 2 stools, 1 red plush high-backed chair, marble-topped table.
*On Floor:*
All-over green carpet. Patterned rug covering central areas.
*Hanging in Archway:*
Light green cloth drapes trimmed with gold.
*On Backing to Archway:*
Light brown velvet curtains.
*On Backing to Door Up* L.:
Tapestry.

### HAND PROPS AND DRESSING

*On Marble-topped Table Down* L.:
2 bronze 3-branched candlesticks. 1 Ormulu clock.
*On Table* L. *(between settee and chair):*
Vase of gardenias. Glass ash tray.
*On Pedestal* L. *(between doors up* L. *and down* L.*):*
Jar with laurel leaves.
*On Round Table* R.C.:
Russian text book, slip of paper marking place (HELENE).
Silver cigarette box. Glass ash tray.

*On Pedestal Table Up* R.:
Bronze ornament.
*On Pedestal in Alcove:*
Bust.

## HAND PROPS OFF STAGE

*Off Down* L.:
Tray—on it lace doily, ten cocktails (MIKAIL).
Tray—on it lace doily, plate with very small pieces of candy (TATIANA).
Box matches (MIKAIL).
*Off Up* L.:
Large glass bowl of lilies (TATIANA).
Gold cigarette case with Russian cigarettes (GOROTCHENKO).
*Off* R.:
1,000 franc note, 50 franc note (GEORGE).

## ACT II—SCENE II

*Furniture:*
1 Kitchen table, 4 kitchen chairs, 1 kitchen stool, 1 kitchen cupboard, 1 narrow table, 1 dresser, 1 refrigerator, 1 sink. (All white.)
1 Black and chromium modern kitchen stove with hood.
*On Floor:*
Red linoleum.
*On Walls:*
*Upstage of door down* L. 2 Hooks—Black shawl on upstage hook (LOUISE).
*Above Dresser* R. White enamel clock.
(NOTE: The clock must be working and should be set at 10:35 just before the Curtain rises.)

*Upstage of door up* R. Hooks—hanging from them: Blue kitchen apron (TATIANA). Green baize houseman's apron (MIKAIL).

*On Window:*

1 pair of curtains, gathered to sides of window.
1 light yellow roller blind—practical.
(NOTE: Down at opening of scene.)

## HAND PROPS AND DRESSING

*On Floor Above Refrigerator:*

2 Milk bottles (French).

*On Top of Refrigerator:*

1 silver tray. On it—6 tumblers.

*In Refrigerator:*

Cut glass pitcher, ¾ full lemonade.

*On Stove:*

Copper pots, pans, kettles. Handle for lid of stove.

*On Hood Ledge:*

Copper moulds and shapes.

*On Long Cupboard:*

(At Left end) Coffee grinder. Napkin.
(Below window) Dinner service that has just been washed; knives and forks; soup tureens, etc.
(Next to sink) Prop plate for breaking, dry dish mop, 2 nail brushes, soap dish and soap.

*In Cupboard extreme* L.:

Dishes, onions, eggs on rack, pen, ink bottle, string bag containing 2 small packages.

*In Sink:*

Bowl with water in it. In bowl—plates, knives and forks. 2 dish mops and 2 dish cloths.
(NOTE: Plate for TATIANA'S line: "Wash that again"; must have obvious pattern.)

*On Narrow White Table up* R.:
Wooden tray (C.), French scales and weights (L.).

*On 2 Rows of Metal Hooks running above sink and narrow table up* R.:
By sink—Numerous dish towels (7). On other hooks—Various large spoons, pots and pans and other kitchen utensils.

*Under Narrow Table up* R.:
Wicker linen basket (R). 2 Pairs shoes (C.).
Metal basket of French Evian Water bottles (L.).

*Leaning against narrow table up* R.:
Small, soft push broom.

*On Floor between Cupboard and Stove:*
Dust pan and brush.

*On Wall between Window and Stove:*
French Calendar—January 12, 1926.

*In Dresser between doors* R.:
On Top shelf—Row of willow pattern plates.
On Middle shelf—Row of plain plates.
On Bottom shelf—Soup tureen (upstage), Vodka bottle ½ full and 2 glasses (downstage).
On Ledge—Pestle and mortar (upstage).
In upstage drawer—Boot brush, polish and pad.

*On Table* C.:
Yellow oilcloth cover. 3 small plates, 3 large plates, 3 Russian coffee glasses with spoons in them, piece of French bread on plate. 3-piece cruet, 3 table napkins, sugar bowl.
(NOTE: Three plates are dirty and piled at L. end with knives and forks on them.)
Coffee pot (C.). Butter dish with cover (L. end).
Plate of apples (L. end).

*In Drawer of Table* C.:
Chromium hand mirror, neck order, breast order, checkbook.

## HAND PROPS OFF STAGE

*Off up* R.:
Pair of man's shoes, unpolished (MIKAIL).
*Off down* R.:.
Cigarette case and cigarettes, lighter (GOROTCHENKO).

## TOVARICH

## LIGHTING LAY OUT

*Front Lights:*

5-500 Watt Leko spots, Scarlet.
(Cover all acting areas.)
1-500 Watt Leko spot, no color straw gelatin
(See Act I, Sc. I.)

*Foots:*

3 Circuits—Amber, Blue, and Pink.

*Boomerang Cluster Stage* R.:

5-1000 Watt reflectors, clear. (Used in Act I, Scene I, only.)

*First Pipe:*

18-1000 Watt spots.
1 small compartment X-ray.
(Focus and color as follows)

### STAGE LEFT TO STAGE RIGHT

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1—4′9″ | x 5′2″ | L.—No Color and Scarlet. |
| 2—3′6″ | x 1′5″ | R.—Pink and Frost. |
| 3—2′5″ | x 2′5″ | L.—Pink, No Color, Frost. |
| 4—4′7″ | x 1′9″ | R.—No Color and Frost. |
| 5—2′8″ | x Center | —Scarlet and Frost. |
| 6—3′0″ | x 1′3″ | L.—Pink and Frost. |
| 7—5′0″ | x 3′8″ | R.—Pink and Frost. |
| 8—4′8″ | x 1′10″ | R.—Pink, No Color, Frost. |
| 9—6′4″ | x 2′0″ | R.—Pink, Scarlet, Frost. |
| 10—1′9″ | x 7′5″ | L.—Pink, No Color, Frost. |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 11—3′0″ | x | 10′4″ | R.—Pink, Scarlet, Frost. |
| 12—4′2″ | x | 6″ | R.—Pink, No Color, Frost |
| 13—2′10″ | x | 4′7″ | L.—Pink, Scarlet, Frost. |
| 14—6′6″ | x | 2′8″ | R.—Scarlet and Frost. |
| 15—5′0″ | x | 6′0″ | R.—Pink, No Color, Frost. |
| 16—4′4″ | x | 1′10″ | L.—Pink, Scarlet, Frost. |
| 17—3′4″ | x | 1′10″ | L.—Pink, Scarlet, Frost. |
| 17—3′4″ | x | 3″ | L.—Pink and Scarlet. |
| 18—1′10″ | x | 8′6″ | R.—Scarlet and Frost. |

The X-Rays hang in the center of the pipe between spots #9 and #10.

The eye level for the above focusing measurements is 5 feet 7 inches from the floor.

The first measurement is upstage from the setting line; the second, Left or Right of the Center line.

Height of pipe when focusing—17′0″.

## LIGHTING PLOT ACT I, SCENE I

*Fronts:*

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Mark 3.

3 Mark Full. (This focused on bed and door R.C.)

*Foots:*

Center section pink and amber.

*X-Rays:*

All Full.

*First Pipe:*

2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 12, 13, All Full.

All others—Out.

*Boomerang Stage Right:*

All Mark #1 (through window).

*Floor Stand Reflector:*

Full (through window to pick up area down L.).

*One-Light Strip:*

Up C. over door—6—Watt Flame Tint.

*Strips for Off Stage Dressing rooms:*
One off L. One off R.C.
*Ikon Light:*
On stage, L. of door C.

## CUES

#1—*Light Off:*
Cue OLGA "—your miserable, worthless, evil lives." *(She blows out light.)*
#2—*Light On:*
Cue (TATIANA *lights it with match)*
#3—*Light Off:*
Cue *(As* MIKAIL *blows out light and takes ikon from wall)*
NOTE: No other light changes.

## ACT I—SCENE II

*Fronts:*
1, 2, 4, 5, 6, All at Mark 4½ 3 Out.
*Foots:*
All Pink and Amber at Mark 4.
*X-Rays:*
All Ambers at Mark 4.
*First Pipe:*
1 at Mark 3½.
2, 7, 9, 11 at Mark 3.
3, 5, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18 Full.
4, 6, 8, 15 Out.
*On Stage:*
Table lamp on dressing table—lighted.
Wall brackets R. and L. of door C.—lighted.
*Two One-Light Strips:*
1—Over door R.—Light Amber.
1—Over Door R.C.—Straw.
*One Two-Light Strip:*
Over door C.—Amber.

*Off Stage Dressing Room Strips:*
One off L.
One off R.C.
One off R.

No changes of light.

## ACT II—SCENE I

*Fronts:*
1, 2, 4, 5, 6, All at Mark 2½.
3 Out.
*Foots:*
All Pink and Blue to Mark 4.
*X-Rays:*
All Ambers to Mark 4½.
*First Pipe:*
1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 16—Full.
4, 7, 9, 11, 13, 17, 18—Out.
*On Stage:*
Wall Brackets R. and L. of Door R.—lighted.
Wall Bracket below Door down L.—lighted.
*In Arch* R.C.:
Baby head spot on bust—no color medium.
*Spot in Flys:*
1000 watt spot—Amber—through door down L.
(NOTE: Comes on at Cue: MIKAIL *exits after lighting* GOROTCHENKO'S *cigarette.)*
*Three Two-Light Strips:*
1—Over door R.—No Color medium.
1—Over door up L.—Straw and Amber.
1—Over door down L.—Amber.
Doorbell off L.

No changes of light except Fly Spot.

## ACT II—SCENE II

*Fronts:*
1, 2, 4, 5, 6, at Mark 3½.
3—Out.

*Foots:*
Center Pink and Amber *only*—at Mark 8.

*X-Rays:*
All out.

*First Pipe:*
1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18—Mark 3.
5, 6, 13, 15, 16—Out.

*Upstage Pipe:*
5-1000 watt floods—Dark Blue—to light backdrop at Mark 22.

*Two Ground Strips:*
1—bottom of ground row—3 Blue, 1 Dark Pink, 1 Light Pink.
1—bottom of backdrop—3 Blue, 1 Dark Pink, 1 Light Pink.

*Two Two-Light Strips:*
For up R. and down R. doors—Flame and Amber.

*Spot Door L.:*
1000 watt spot—2 separate color frames—one with No Color Straw, the other with Surprise Pink.

*Snow Spot:*
Upstage R.—1000 watt spot with rectalinear lens and shutters—to pick up snow.—No Color Medium.

*Transparency Pans:*
To light cut out windows in ground row and backdrop.

*On Stage:*
Electric fan and Amber light with Orange silk flames for fire effect in stove. (See cues.)
One-light strip, clear, for canopy over stove.
Lamp brackets on back wall—lighted.
2-way tap at sink—practical. Tank on back of flat.

## CUES—ACT II, SCENE II

*Stove*

*On* MIKAIL—"Now I must sign. Mikail Alexandrovitch Ouratieff."

*Off* When MIKAIL puts lid down on stove.

*Spot Stage* L. *Door*

Remove No Color Straw frame leaving Surprise Pink.

*Cue* MAKAIL—"I too am listening enraptured to the sound of my own voice."

*General Switch Cut On Stage*

*Out—*

Fronts.
Foots.
First Pipe except #1.
Bracket lights.
Stove Canopy light.
Doors R.

*On—*

First Pipe #1.
Door Spot L.
All backdrop and snow lighting.

*Cue*—When MIKAIL turns out lights at switch down L.

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NOTE: All color gelatins are Brigham Gelatin Colors, sold by Duwico Lighting Company, New York City. Their numbers are as follows:

#2—Pink in Foots.
#54—No Color Straw.
#62—Scarlet (Bastard Amber).
#17—Surprise Pink (Lavender).
#35—Blue for foots and 2nd Pipe.
#56—Amber for foots.
#58—Medium Amber in Strips.
#3—Pink in 1st Pipe.
#1—Frost.

## TOVARICH

### MEN'S COSTUMES

MIKAIL ALEXANDROVITCH OURATIEFF

*Act I, Scene I:*

a. Black, high-necked Russian pajamas with red piping. Crest on pocket. White handchief in pocket. Black socks and shoes.

b. Shabby blue suit. Soft white collar-attached shirt with tails cut off. Muffler. Old felt hat.

*Scene II:*

a. (Same as Scene I, b.)

b. Butler's pantry coat (yellow and black stripes). Plain black trousers. Stiff shirt, wing collar, white tie.

*Act II, Scene I:*

Dress suit (tails), black waistcoat.

White cotton gloves (to serve cocktails).

*Scene II:*

a. Same as Act II, Scene I.

b. Change coat for green baize apron (hanging up R. on set).

c. Second dress coat with medals sewn on pocket. White waistcoat. Black cape. (This change made off up R.) Wide breast ribbon order. Neck pendant order. (These in drawer of table C.)

CHAUFFOURIER-DUBIEFF:

*Act I, Scene I:*

Morning coat, striped trousers, double-breasted

black vest, button shoes. Silk top hat, gloves, pince nez on black ribbon. Sealskin-lined black overcoat, lamb collar.

*Act II, Scene I:*

Black morning coat, striped trousers, black vest, button shoes. Stiff white shirt, wing collar, four-in-hand tie. Gold watch and chain. Decoration in buttonhole.

COUNT FEODOR BREKENSKI

*Act I, Scene I:*

Morning coat, striped trousers, double-breasted beige vest, white shirt, wing collar, gray tie, black shoes, gray spats. Silk top hat, gloves. Mink-lined black overcoat with mink collar.

MARTEILLEAU

*Act I, Scene I:*

Blue suit, black shoes, wing collar, black bow tie, black derby hat.

M. CHARLES DUPONT

*Act I, Scene II:*

a. Dress shirt, dress trousers, wing collar, black tie (threaded through loop in shirt at back and hanging down back), black braces hanging loose. On left foot—dress shoe. On right foot—red bedroom slipper. Gold cigarette case.

b. Dinner jacket with white handkerchief in pocket and Legion d'Honneur ribbon in buttonhole. (Off R.) White dinner jacket waistcoat. (Off R.) Right foot dress shoe (Off R.) on salver.

*Act II, Scene I:*

Black double-breasted coat, Legion d'Honneur ribbon in buttonhole, handkerchief in pocket. Striped trousers, black shoes, grey spats. White stiff shirt, wing collar, grey bow tie.

*Act II, Scene II:*
(Same as Act II, Scene I.)

GEORGES DUPONT

*Act I, Scene II:*
a. Blue suit, black shoes, striped stiff bosom shirt with collar to match, dark four-in-hand tie. Handkerchief in breast pocket. Wrist watch.
b. Full evening dress (white tie, etc.).

*Act II, Scene I:*
Full evening dress except tail coat is replaced by dark blue smoking jacket.

*Scene II:*
Full evening dress. Add gardenia in buttonhole.

CONCIERGE

*Act II, Scene I:*
Dark blue hall porter's livery. Tail coat with brass buttons, long trousers piped with yellow, black shoes, yellow and black striped vest, wing collar, white bow tie. White cotton gloves.

GOROTCHENKO

*Act II, Scene I:*
Full evening dress (white tie, etc.) Red carnation in buttonhole. Red studs in shirt front. Cigarette case to accommodate long Russian cigarettes.

*Scene II:*
(Same as Act II, Scene I.)

TATIANA PETROVNA

*Act I, Scene I:*
a. Brown knitted suit (sweater and skirt). Blue satin bedroom slippers (mules).
b. Shabby brown shoes (under chair by table R.C.). Brown gloves, scarf (in top drawer of dresser). Blue overcoat, fur trimmed

(on chair against wall up R.). Hat to match coat (on top of dresser).

*Scene II:*

a. Same as Act I, Scene I.

b. Maid's black uniform with white accessories (i.e., apron, collar, cuffs, and cap). Black shoes.

*Act II, Scene I:*

Formal waitress black uniform. (High collar piped with white, small white apron tacked to dress, and cuffs trimmed with white). White maid's cap with long black ribbons.

*Scene II:*

a. Same as Act II, Scene I—except cap removed.

b. Large blue apron (on hook up R.).

c. Silver lame dress, large ribbon breast order, brooch on right shoulder, silver shoes, tiara, diamond earrings, royal blue velvet cap.

OLGA

*Act I, Scene I:*

Gray woolen sports dress (belted coat and skirt). Hat to match. Bright colored knitted wool mittens. Black suede shoes.

FERNANDE DUPONT

*Act I, Scene II:*

a. Pink negligee with pink slip. Pink shoes with silver heels. Pearl necklace with earrings to match, ring on right hand.

b. Red velvet dress, red satin shoes with silver straps, corsage of violets and roses, diamond necklace, earrings, and bracelet. Three rings. Martin cape (in closet down L.—TATIANA prop.). Gold brocade bag (off C.—TATIANA prop.)

*Act II, Scene I:*

Silver lace dress with sequins, silver shoes.

Pearl necklace and earrings, two diamond bracelets, three rings. Carries chiffon handkerchief.

LOUISE

*Act I, Scene II:*

Dark blue blouse, black shirt, blue gingham overall, white stockings, black shoes.

*Act II, Scene II:*

Same as Act I, Scene II, except add large white apron. Black knitted woolen shawl (on hook L. wall).

HELENE DUPONT

*Act I, Scene II:*

a. Green woolen dress, brown suede shoes.

b. White waffle-crepe dress, silver slippers, net and paillettes butterfly hair ornament.

*Act II, Scene I:*

Red silk day dress, black suede shoes, wrist watch, chain identification bracelet.

*Act II, Scene II:*

Blue metal cloth evening dress, silver shoes, gardenias in hair, ermine cape, white beaded bag.

MADAME VAN HEMERT

*Act II, Scene I:*

Gold lame dress, gold shoes. Pearl necklace, three diamond bracelets, diamond ring, carries green velvet bag. Diamond clip in hair.

MADAME CHAUFFOURIER-DUBIEFF

*Act II, Scene I:*

Black velvet dress, black satin petticoat, black satin and crepe slippers. Plumed headdress. String of pearls, earrings, gold wedding ring. Carries black bag and lorgnette, handkerchief in bag.

## TOVARICH

### PUBLICITY THROUGH YOUR LOCAL PAPERS

The press can be an immense help in giving publicity to your productions. In the belief that the best reviews from the New York papers are always interesting to local audiences, and in order to assist you, we are printing below several excerpts from those reviews.

*Tovarich* is a delightful comedy about two penniless Russians of exalted rank who anonymously take situations in a wealthy Paris home. It ran for years in Paris, and then in London, and to absolute capacity at the Plymouth Theatre in New York.

From the New York reviews:

"At last the drought has broken! There was jubilation on the sidewalks last night."—*The New York Times.*

"A thoroughly delightful and vastly heart-warming comedy. Completely entertaining."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

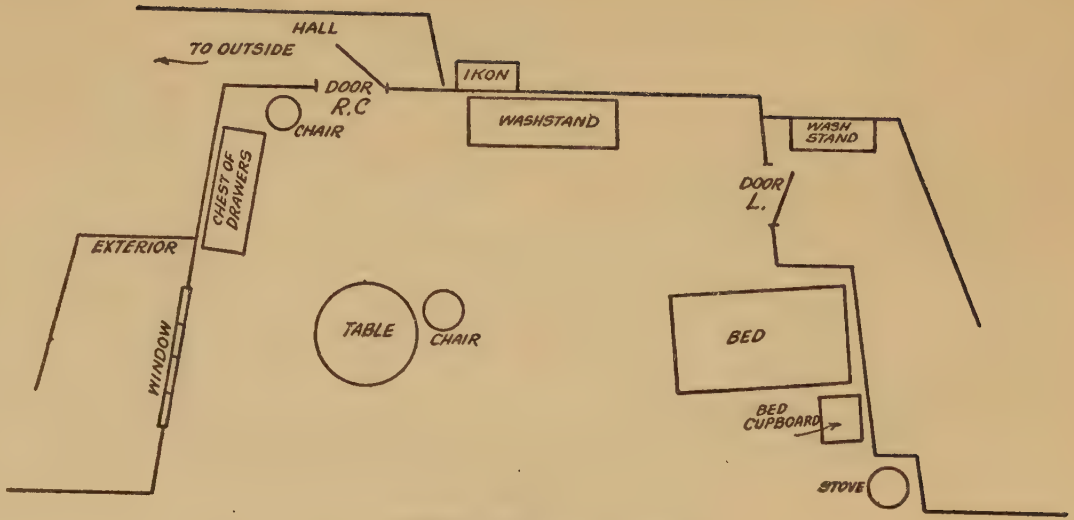
"Universal in its appeal, in its good-humored admiration for the human virtues latent even in princes, its expert mixing of comic and pathetic touches. It is sure-fire!"—*New York American.*

"A three-year success in Europe. Twenty-four

capitals have given it a cheering welcome. Now we get it—and we may rejoice this morning. *Tovarich* is your dish. And mine."—*The News.*

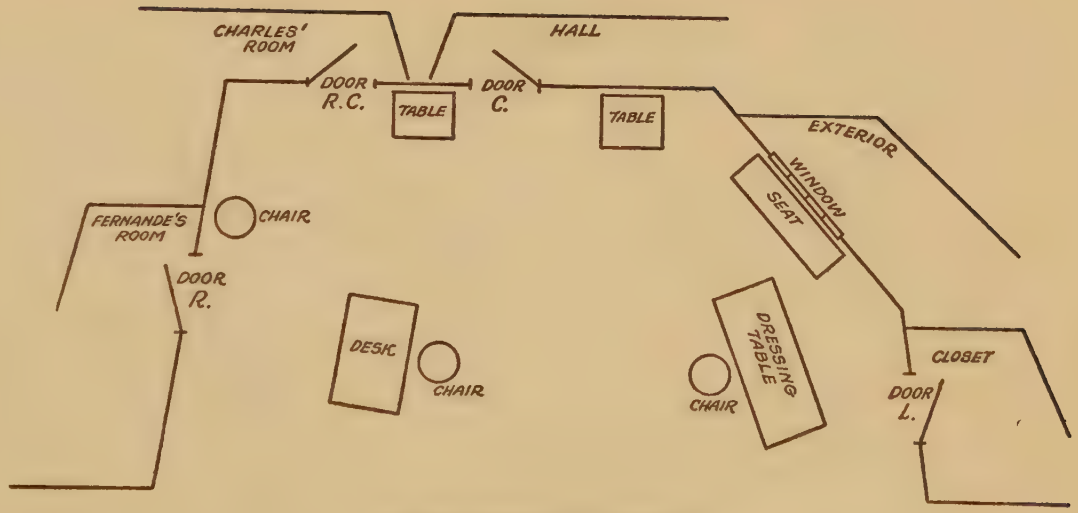
"An evening's charming merriment. High-spirited comedy, light, sentimental and iridescent."—*New York Journal.*

"The most delightful play New York has had the chance to enjoy in many a blue moon!"—*New York Post.*



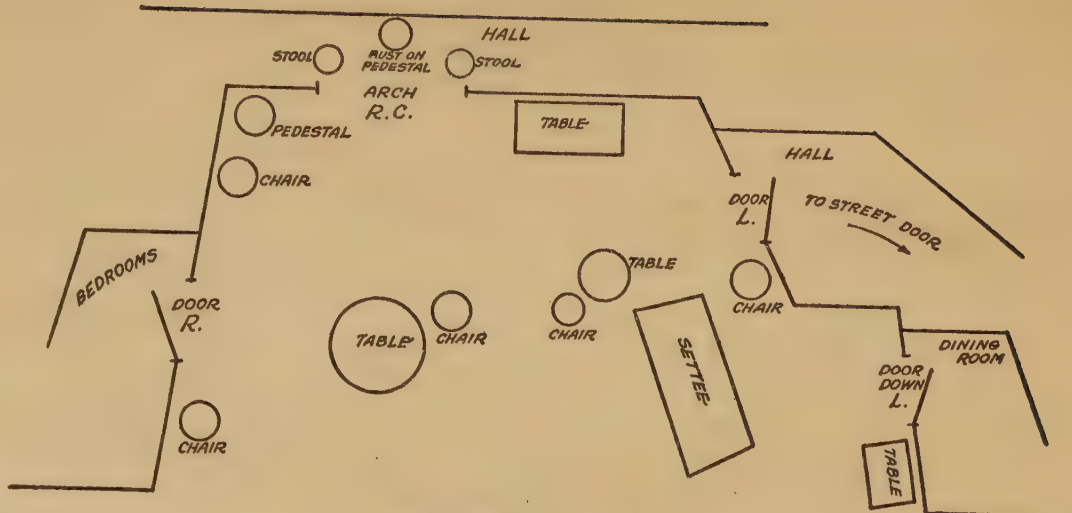

SCENE DESIGN - ACT 1 -- SCENE I

" TOVARICH "



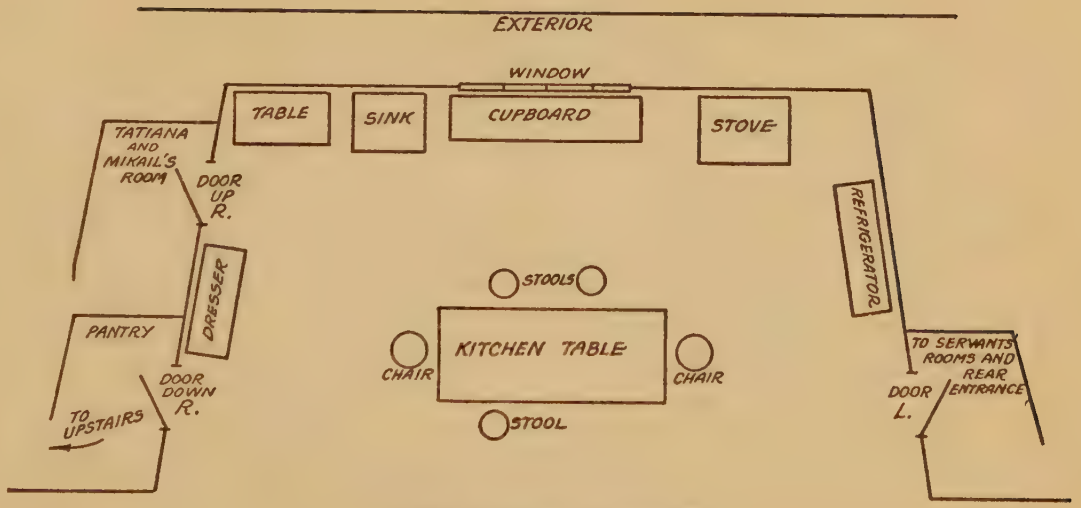

SCENE DESIGN-ACT 1-SCENE II

" TOVARICH "




SCENE DESIGN-ACT 2--SCENE I

"TOVARICH"




SCENE DESIGN-ACT 2--SCENE II

"TOVARICH"

## ANOTHER LANGUAGE

Comedy. 3 acts. By Rose Franken. 6 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes.

This brilliant and refreshing play of modern American family life made an instantaneous hit during the 1931–32 New York season, and was acclaimed widely and enthusiastically by the reviewers with a unanimity of praise that is exceptional. All the people in this play are members of the Hallam family, either by birth or by marriage. Over them all rules Mother Hallam with an iron hand. The play is built around the effort of one of the daughters-in-law to escape the deadly family uniformity. She tries first to carry her husband with her, but before long it is clear that he will side with the family rather than with her. The essentially comic elements of the play are revealed in the well observed family scenes, but the undercurrent of genuine drama is felt when things come to a climax, and the revolting girl, the only one of the lot worth saving, seems to triumph.

(Royalty, $35.00.) Price, cloth, $2.00; paper, 75 cents.

## MISS QUIS

Comedy drama. 3 acts. By Ward Morehouse and Peggy Wood. 12 males, 6 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

First produced at the Henry Miller Theatre in New York City with Peggy Wood in the leading role. Miss Quis has been for more years than one can remember the housekeeper for old Colonel Shelby in Fancy Gap. The Colonel was the town's wealthiest citizen, and now that he is dead the town expects to come into some of the money. But the Colonel doesn't leave the town any money—he leaves it all to Miss Quis, much to the disgust and regret of certain grasping individuals. But Miss Quis has her champions in the persons of Buster Niles, a gambler, and in the editor of the local newspaper. The business men and local aristocrats try to get rid of Miss Quis, but she succeeds in buying them all out after threatening to expose certain unpleasant facts, and just as she is about to win out, Buster accidentally kills a man who had insulted Miss Quis. Buster is finally acquitted and asks Miss Quis to marry him, but she feels that it is all too late now, and she settles down to live out her life in the great house.

(Royalty, $25.00.) Price, $2.00.

## AH, WILDERNESS!

Comedy. 3 acts. By Eugene O'Neill. 9 males, 6 females. 3 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, about 1900.

Originally produced by the Theatre Guild in New York. In a large small-town of Connecticut in 1906 lives an ordinary American family. They are typical in their humors and vexations. What concerns them most in *Ah, Wilderness!* is the youthful fervor of Richard, who is a senior in high school and a rebel. He reads Swinburne, Shaw, Wilde and Omar Khayyam, and his mother worries. He is an incipient anarchist; he hates capital and his father looks disturbed. He is also passionately in love with a neighbor's girl, and means to marry her. The scraps of Swinburne verse that he sends to her alarm her father, who forces her to break with Richard in good, melodramatic style. Being young and arrogant, Richard runs amuck to spite her, and gets tight in the presence of a strange lady. His father and mother are sure that the world has come to an end. But the damsel manages to prove her devotion at a moonlit rendezvous on the beach and Richard is himself again. After everything has been settled naturally, the father and mother begin to remember that once they were young.

(Royalty, $50.00.) Price, 75 cents.

## DANGEROUS CORNER

Play. 3 acts. By J. B. Priestley. 3 males, 4 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

One of the outstanding successes of the New York season 1932–33, this play was brilliantly produced by Harry Moses at the Empire Theater, after an enormously successful run in England. It is a fascinating combination of mystery play and psychological study. It shows how the gradual revelation of the truth about a murdered man disrupts his family and friends and shows them up for the rotters they are. George Jean Nathan writes of it that it "provided the only intelligent new play that the Broadway stage has uncovered thus far in a season." For mature casts only.

(Royalty, $25.00.) Price, 75 cents.

## THE SHINING HOUR

Play. 3 acts. By Keith Winter. 3 males, 3 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

This striking and preëminently human play of emotions, produced with outstanding success in England and America, centers about the Linden family, inhabitants of the English countryside. After an absence of several years, Henry brings home his bride Mariella, who differs somewhat from her husband's people in that she is only half English and not quite sympathetic toward the "real thing." She is attracted, however, to her brother-in-law, David, with whom she falls in love. This situation is further complicated by the fact that she thinks very highly of David's wife. The story develops swiftly up to the emotional climax where the development of this situation nearly wrecks the family. The plot moves fast and with striking dramatic effect, and holds the audience from the very rise of the curtain. Though this play is designed primarily for skilled actors it is something that will appeal to practically any audience that cares about the finer things in the theater.

(Royalty, $25.00.) Price, 75 cents.

## COCK ROBIN

Mystery. 3 acts. By Philip Barry & Elmer Rice. 8 males, 4 females. 2 interiors. Modern and 18th century costumes.

An absorbing mystery play—but with a difference. Mr. Rice and Mr. Barry have laid the scene of their clever drama on the stage of a theater during rehearsal and the actual performance of a play by amateurs. Of all the members of a local Little Theater group Hancock Robinson is the least liked. In the duel scene of a costume play Robinson is shot, actually shot, by a revolver which someone has mysteriously loaded with a real cartridge. At the very same moment he is stabbed in the back by an unknown murderer. Mystery is sustained until the very end when it is revealed that the regular professional coach is the criminal, and that he did the deed in order to avenge what he considered an insult on the part of Robinson toward one of the girls in the cast. The combination of murder, mystery, romantic costumes, setting, and highly amusing comedy scenes, is irresistible. As readable as a mystery story, and as romantic as a novel.

(Royalty, $50.00.) Price, cloth, $2.00; paper, 75 cents.

# A SELECTED LIST OF OUR MOST POPULAR PLAYS FOR LITTLE THEATRES

There's Always Juliet
The Silver Cord
The Shining Hour
Her Master's Voice
Ten Minute Alibi
The Vinegar Tree
Biography
Bird in Hand
Candle-light
Accent on Youth
A Bill of Divorcement
Fresh Fields
Outward Bound
The Wind and the Rain
Hay Fever
The Late Christopher Bean
Noah
Three-Cornered Moon
Laburnum Grove
The Bishop Misbehaves
Journey's End
Petticoat Fever
Personal Appearance
The Perfect Alibi
The Dover Road

Another Language
Craig's Wife
The Ghost Train
Blind Alley
Lilies of the Field
Cock Robin
As Husbands Go
Autumn Crocus
Holiday
Let Us Be Gay
Whistling in the Dark
Squaring the Circle
Double Door
The Torch Bearers
Death Takes a Holiday
The Distaff Side
Spring Dance
Is Life Worth Living?
The Cradle Song
Kind Lady
Ah, Wilderness!
Pride and Prejudice
The Royal Family
Call It a Day
Post Road

The plays listed above and other outstanding royalty plays will be found fully described in "French's [illegible] Catalogue of Plays" or the 1938 Supplement thereto. Either or both booklets sent free of charge on request.

T4-APU-948